# IOURNAL

Vol. VI. AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1928 Nos. 8-9

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As usual, no issue of the JOURNAL will be published in September. Communications for October must reach the Editor not later than September 15.

#### TRINITY HOUSE AND TOC

This short parable by Tubby is one of the first fruits of his voyage to South America. It was written on board R.M.S.P. Almanzora and is dated "Mid-Atlantic, 22.628." A further instalment of the Pilgrims' diary has reached us, covering the days between June 20, when they left Madeira, and June 26 when they were in sight of the New World. It contains nothing very eventful, but there should be much to report in the October JOURNAL. Tubby's programme in South America will be found on page 184.



HEN you leave any port in England, your final debt is to some buoy or lightship, or to some lighthouse bidding you far farewell. Whence comes this service to the seamen, and what can it teach Toc H? Those patient pilgrims who on the morning of a Birthday Festival have let me take them for a tour of Tower

Hill will perhaps recall a well-proportioned building which stands back from the garden to which it has given its name. Trinity House, thus rebuilt in the year after the victory of Camperdown (1789), is ever hospitable to the family of Toc H; and my thought here is not to recount the treasures it contains, but to draw certain simple analogies from its history, which may help our minds to understand our own Movement. No analogy is exact; but some points of resemblance are at least illuminating.

Trinity House originated in a brotherhood of devotion to God and good will to mariners, first founded (it is said) by Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury in King John's time, at the end of the twelfth century. Its members were ever to be "godly disposed men" and its full title of authority runs "In the love of Our Lord Christ, in the name of the Master and Fellows of Trinity Guild." Tower Hill, be it remarked, is not its earliest Home. Like Toc H, it crossed the water to be reborn in London. The earliest home of Trinity Guild was in Dept-Its dynamic was from the first indubitably religious: it was ever to remain "The Fraternity of the most glorious and undivided Trinity." its worship was to issue in work, and that of a most needed nature. It was to check and bring to an end the wrecking and pillaging of ships upon our coasts, to succour the shipwrecked, and to build and light beacons for the safety of mariners. If Toc H is wise, it will guard its worship well, and address itself to needs less obvious but no less urgent. Our multifarious craft are the lives of men, lonely as ships at sea, in town and cities, among whom loss is all too frequent. Our task is guidance by a steadying light, and tactful help where shipwreck has been made already.

Next, Trinity House tests and provides its Pilots for all home waters under its command. It deals with dangerous channels, reporting them to traffic and labouring to remove obstructions. It maintains four classes of perpetual safeguard—the lighthouse, the lightship, the beacon and the buoy. Toc H has recently acquired its Pilots and still more recently decided to enforce a standard of certificated competence, a sorrowful decision for the moment in individual cases, but clearly inevitable in the vital interests of its permanent work. Where self lurks dangerously beneath the surface of unruffled pleasure, it turns the traffic of public opinion in healthier directions. Its Lighthouses are Marks, its Lightships Branches, its Beacons Groups, its Buoys are "Gropes" beginning.

Now the work of Trinity House is manifold; and in the mother house on Tower Hill and down at Blackwall also, experiments are made which spread improvements throughout every area. These areas are seven in number, each with its seagoing tender and its Superintendent, who is pledged himself to visit every sea mark in his district at least once each six months. This means that from Monday to Friday all the year round, come storm or calm, these tenders each cover some ten thousand miles in the course of a year. Yet some folk wonder why Toc H requires its own equipped Headquarters, and why the Areas need whole-time staff, and the area men their constant journeying by road or rail.

Trinity House is now a public institution under the Board of Trade. It is, in other words, a recognised necessity. The nation has long realised that it is cheaper to pay for these lightships than to lose men and cargoes. Some day the nation will also learn that it is cheaper to build Marks than to make the annual sacrifice, to which every city and every school contributes, of men and their careers. Meanwhile Toc H, like Trinity House of old, must be paid for by those who believe in its principles. Trinity House, in earlier days, has had its biting times of poverty. It outgrew them only when its essential work was covered by endowments. Shrouds have no pockets; and Toc H will outlive the youngest reader of this article. With its first few legacies in hand, the example will be set to all; and the Society need be a recurrent charity no longer.

One last word. The most solemn words in Toc H were from the first adapted from the tradition of Trinity House; whence else our "Elder Brethren"? And it is worth remark that in the house on Tower Hill their Elder Brethren have great authority. Their experience and wisdom are constantly consulted. When exceptional difficulties arise, they once more put to sea; and when the King takes ship, they are His Royal Pilots. Amen. So mote it be! Tubby.



Note.—The initials, tailpieces and other "printers, ornaments" used in this number are reproduced from old cuts out of books in the Editor's possession, viz.:—The Works of Apollodorus (in Greek and Latin), 1652; Lucretius, De Rerum Naturæ (in Latin and French), Paris, 1659; Notitia Parliamentaria, by Browne Willis, London, 1st Edition, 1716; Ditto, 2nd Edition, 1730; The Scourge in Vindication of the Church of England, by T. Lewis, London, 1720.



# LITTLE TALBOT HOUSE YPRES.

Three Rubber Stamps used in the Old Houses.



#### TEN YEARS AGO

#### Editorial Note

Last November Tubby sent the Editor of the JOURNAL an envelope full of typewritten sheets with this note: "I came across these to-night. Perhaps you might like some of 'em. They were to have been the hinder part of the book now put to a perpetual shame. So smite 'em as you will." Readers, when they have tasted these vivid pages, will surely regret that "the book," which Tubby long had in mind, has never got written. For this loss the increasing demand made on his time, thought and strength by the growth of Toc H is alone to blame. As it is,

the fragment, unsmitten by the Editor, is here given to Journal readers.

At the risk of being tiresome (though no one is bound to read) the Editor ventures to prefix a short note to Tubby's pages. The first part of them—in spite of the disclaimer in their preface -might well form a Chapter X to Tales of Talbot House. Chapter IX of that book, written by Tubby in "Dingley Dell" itself, deals with the early months of 1918, i.e., the last months in the Old House in Poperinghe before its evacuation. The "Big Push," the last throw of a desperate enemy, fell first—as many men still living can never forget—on the Fifth Army, holding the extreme South sector of the British line: for them it was "the March show." It spread northwards successively to the Fourth Army in front of Amiens, to the Third Army before Arras, to the First before Bethune, and last of all to the Ypres Salient, held by the Second Army. By the end of March, however, Poperinghe and the "back areas" of the Second Army were feeling the "artillery preparation" for the storm which everyone knew must come (see Tales of Talbot House, 2nd Edn. pp. 72 et seq.) The slopes of Passchendaele, won yard by yard during the winter of '17 with such appalling sacrifice, were evacuated, and the front line closed back under the ramparts of Ypres itself, until those heroic ruins were little more than a big machine-gun post. "On Sunday, April 14," says Tubby in Tales, "my opposite number (Padre Goodwin) from Little Talbot House in Ypres arrived late at night with his two orderlies and a strange miscellany of sacred and secular salvage. A few days later Dr. Magrath, of the Y.M.C.A., Ypres ('Mac' of Sheffield Branch), who, longer than any living man survived residence in that amazing city, joined forces with us also. Between us we reorganised the House's work to meet the new conditions." A relic of the evacuation of Little Talbot House-two S.O.S. chits from "Goodie" to Tubby-hangs in Mark XVIII, Newcastle.\* And, if the Editor may be allowed a personal reminiscence, he would recall how,

These relies came home with Sid Ray (then Goodwin's orderly at Ypres, later Secretary of Stockton Group). The first is stamped Little Talbot House, Tpres, dated 10. 4. 1918, and runs "Dear Tubbie, Two requests—(i) If we do have to make a sudden exit a la Shakespeare (alarums without, shouting, they hurry off), what are we to do? Can you raise a promise of a 3-ton lorry from an outer area which could sail in to receive the more valuable things? If so, we will hold on to the last gasp and save all we can. If not shall I burn and smash piano, chairs, and all, rather than let the Hun have them? Stores we must give away or destroy." (His second point was concerned with pacifying 832 Area Employment Company, which—with the magnificent unconcern of the Army machine in crisis—had ordered both Goodie's orderlies back to Poperinghe to have their kit inspected and renewed. Both men were in rags and unfit: "Neither Moore nor Ray can get on a moving lorry"—and lorries, for good reasons, were forbidden to stop in Ypres to "take up" or "set down" passengers. Could Tubby deal with 832?)

The second chit is headed "4.30 p.m. Thursday," and runs "Tout le monde ayant le vent au dessus! and Magrath hoping to have a lorry to-morrow. I am sending my surplus kit and the more valuable articles from the Chapel for a change of

air to Poperinghe. They can easily return later, if all goes well. Goodie." Attached to this is the last canteen account, showing takings for that final Sunday of Francs 70.55, and the note "April 14—Left Ypres at 10.45 in car for Pop."

in response to a message by dispatch-rider from Ypres, he himself started out in a crazy Ford car on a Sunday afternoon (April 21) to bring out Mac, his orderlies and some of his gear. He met them already on the road, their voices husky and their eyes bloodshot with the gas which then constantly hung about the city, but providing a touch of comedy with a handcart which they had "scrounged" and piled high with incongruous articles. Men and goods were transferred to the complaining Ford and thus to Talbot House; the handcart was abandoned ignominiously in the ditch. The "reorganisation" of Talbot House by Tubby, Goodie and Mac and their respective staffs (including of course always "the Gen.") was destined to last just a month. "On Whit-Tuesday, May 21, we received imperative orders to leave at once; and so, with great sadness, the doors of the dear old House were closed for the first time in their happy history. And since this tale is of the House alone, or at least desires to be so, there is no need here to follow the fortunes of the exiles" (Tales, p. 77). "The fortunes of the exiles" are the theme of some of the pages here printed.

As for the exiles' camp—the three huts built end to end, with a duckboard passage—there are probably very few people who could identify the site of it nowadays. It is however recorded (August Journal, 1927, p. 340) that "the Gen," making a solitary pilgrimage to Poperinghe last Summer, "wandered out along the country road to Lovie Chatcau, and sat himself down for solace in the quiet field which Tubby, in the darkest days of 1918, had made his home and christened 'Dingley Dell."

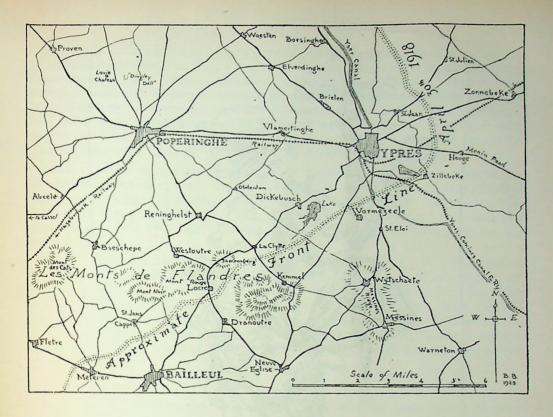


#### A FOREWORD: WHY?

"Was without doubt a clerical Reviewer. But even he did not contemplate the likelihood of his enemy being so crass as to wish a Sequel. Yet some readers are still so unreasonable as to suppose that the title of a book may be expected to provide some clue to its contents; and then may therefore expect a continuance of the story of Talbot House from 1918 onwards. If any such there be, they must share a monument with Patience, and smile at grief; for they cannot now be gratified. The time is not yet ripe for telling the full story of 1919—? And to tell less than the full story would be for Mr. Bowdler to get busy with his blue pencil on a First Folio itself. Meanwhile we must be content to whet the appetite as elusively as Dr. Watson with references to "The Nail-scissors in the Athenæum," "The Insomnia of the Archbishop's Guest," the "Pillar-box and Pinafore," and so on.

Yet to humour the hungry is the next best thing to feeding them, and with this first aim in view, some excerpts from a series of articles written in 1920, when the memory of 1918 was not yet faded, may be palatable still in some quarters. They were contributed to the now defunct *Challenge*, and contributed no doubt to its decline.

P. B. C.



#### I—ON THE MOVE

The enemy is licking his wounds. True, he is looking down upon us from Kemmel,\* but that is his only local gain of real importance; and for the rest he lies observed in every movement at the foot of the long range of low Flanders hills from Mont Rouge to Mont des Cats. Ypres is closely encircled to the South, and is more than ever desolate. The Lille Gate is a few hundred yards from the front line to the south, as well as to the East. St. Eloi, Vormezeele—above all names most patient of its B.E.F. corruption—Vierstraat, and part of Locre are in his lines. Dickebusch, which you remember in '16 as a place fit only for the peculiar tastes of infantry, had become after Messines (June, 1917) a rendezvous for A's P.M. Even I might have ventured there then, had I not mislaid my Sam Browne that year. But in the summer of '18, Dickebusch relapsed badly in social tone, and only the most jaded palate could find pleasure there, while Scottish Wood above it changed hands twice nightly. We did not then know that the enemy's plan for taking Ypres had been abandoned from April 20, as we (and perhaps they) are now told.

\*Kemmel Hill had been captured on April 25, 1918.



### The Armies of France

Meanwhile in their faded and bespattered frock coats, our friends take their share of the strain and more than their share of the roads. But if their transport moves us to laughter, their other qualities move the Germans to tears. The French know, as no one else, what matters and what does not; which is the secret of better things than war. So they are welcome to harness their bags of bones with bootlaces and string; for their camions lilt along at forty kilometres to the hour with cargoes of a most convincing character; and in the space of a single afternoon the same rubber-tyred "heavies" will fire from Brandhoek and Abeele.

Their freedom is as contagious as their friendship. In witness thereof let Jim Evans stand forth; who, walking on the dismembered broad gauge, strolled across one day to see a French gun in action. In a moment they had handed him the lanyard, crying "Tirez!" "I'll tear it," said Jim, nothing loth; and, the recoil missing him by a hair's breadth, he has a proud reply henceforth for his grandchildren.

Wise men say that the French have learnt nothing from the B.E.F. Their house windows are again shut tight; tea is still made with a pinch of ash and a pint of tepid water; bathrooms remain an eccentricity of hotel life only. But with us it is not so. Jim Evans has enlarged not merely his verbal assets, but his mental horizon. France is to him no longer an optical illusion which victimises the credulous on the south coast. It is a Holy Land hard by, rich in a million memories that blend but do not blur, a big brave stage for life that was life indeed.

#### At Proven

In June, 1918, the meagre village of Proven was the main resort of men. Its contribution to life and leisure was not edifying, for we lived under a regime that regarded estaminets as shell-proof and their temperate alternatives as death-traps. It was thus with the utmost difficulty that a Y.M.C.A. tent \* was at length pitched near Proven; and as for poor Toc H, it planted itself down tentatively in the Town Hall, but it was never officially allowed open. The estaminets on the other hand were treated so generously in the extension of their hours, that those beneficent and public-minded gentry who now adorn the hoardings with artistic exposures of the peril of Prohibition would have considered Proven Paradise. This state of affairs was not due to the Canadian Town Major, Colonel Price, who stands high in the memories of all who dealt with him. Nor yet was it within the work of the great man who then commanded in those parts. But the blame lay upon an intermediary, who, like many of his kind, had (in Euclid's definition) position, but no magnitude. As a result, we blushed for our administration.

<sup>\*</sup>This was a 90-ft. marquee, heavily camouflaged, in which the clientele generally out-ran the hard-won stores available.—ED.

<sup>\*\*\*</sup>The drawing by Bert Thomas, reproduced on the opposite page, first appeared in The Christmas Spirit, the Toc H Annual for 1920. The original hung since then until this year in Mark I; it has now been returned to its owner, Mr. J. A. Shepherd.—Ed.

# " Dingley Dell"

Know, then, that at the opening of May, 1918, we had moved the chapel of Talbot House downstairs, acquired a new billiard table, built no end of dug-outs under our neighbour's drawing-room, and were beginning to be useful to folk who knew what real need was. But a grandmotherly ogre in tabs willed otherwise; and on May 21 the Corps gave the hireling the alternative of removing or being removed, though, as the event was, the wolf never reached Reninghelst.\*

Now there was by the side of the switch road—opposite Nine Elms Campamess hut that had been shaken in its allegiance to its foundations by an extremely local earthquake. We completed its downfall, and removed its remains in a lorry—no matter whose. These fragments, along with those of two other huts from elsewhere (I am still studiously vague) † we transported to a field abaft the deserted Lovie aerodrome. Here the refugees lived during the summer, with no more than a whiff of Ares in their Arcady. Pace Dr. Watts, Satan is not the only patron of an unemployment bureau; and Toc H built up a cosy little practice in the backwoods, among those whose souls the Army declined to recognise. Do you remember those pathways into Pop. which needed no passes? These also were useful now, though from a different cause. Vlamertinghe grew more and more unpleasant; indeed Ypres was quiet by comparison, though the line lapped up against the ramparts. The fate of Europe hung now on the issue of the lateral thrust, as Westoutre and Boeschepe knew to their cost.

\* \* \* \*

It was a healthy life in our little refugee camp, and I am still living on the physical proceeds. A few earthworks of the palæolithic '14--'15 period stood in our small field; but on July 10 some Staff Officer riding by remarked our hedge as admirable cover for a section of 18-pounders. Within a day or so, a gunner subaltern arrived, with a White Knight assortment of compasses and ranging instruments. Dismounting, he busied himself with recording hypothetical zones of fire, picked some unripe blackberries, and finally got inside our hut and outside our lunch. The next day a gun-team complete manœuvred through the gateway, deposited its retrousse tail, did some blackberrying and disappeared. A few gunners were marooned with a sandbag or so of biscuits and bully. They lost no time in vain regrets, but solaced themselves with blackberries, and built against the evening dews and damps a wattle wigwam; and

<sup>\*</sup>Why Reninghelst? The Editor can give a personal explanation. On one of the blackest nights of that unforgettable May he was passing through Poperinghe in the old Ford, and, tired and ravenous, stopped at Talbot House on the chance of food and encouragement. Tubby, white-faced, met him at the door with "Have you heard the news?" "Which news?" he said—for flying rumour had been busy and unreliable all day. "A gunner officer has just told me," replied Tubby, "that the front line is in Reninghelst churchyard" (3½ miles S.E. of Poperinghe), "and that the Kaiser expects to eat his breakfast in Pop in the morning." "What's your plan?" said the Editor. "I shall stop here and give him his breakfast," said Tubby, "but you must save some of the things." So a strange load was piled into the car—the Chapel carpet (now at Mark I), a very awkward passenger; the peal of tubular bells (now at Knutsford); and other things which escape memory now. These were driven away to the top of Cassel Hill and deposited in the kitchen of a small pub, the Lion Noir. Later that night the Editor passed through Poperinghe again on his lawful occasions and up the Reninghelst road. But rumour, as every hour that day, proved untrustworthy.

<sup>†</sup> There is no harm in lifting the veil-these two small huts were "scrounged" from, and with the connivance of, the Editor, who no doubt officially reported them "missing" afterwards.

then left a ration card on Pettifer. A load of rabbit wire, gay with some tatters of green canvas, was the next consignment, and the wigwam dwellers, like so many Laocoons, involved themselves in the delicate task of erecting camouflage over their snub-nosed deities, taking a hand at stump cricket and the blackberries, as occasion served. Their task accomplished, a series of whole-day matches were played; at the conclusion of which the gun-teams reappeared, the guns limbered up, and the marooned party went off, remembered and forgiven, and the field was left to the cows and ourselves; the wattle hut, the camouflage, and some rounds of amunition being our sole mementoes. Straws show the wind; these were our only local exploits during the terrific crisis of July 17 to 18, when the tide turned.

I was rarely in camp by day, but at night the thickness of the hedge alone separated me from the gunners' wigwam, wherein they croaked and quarrelled, like a leafy city of rooks at sunset. Their conversation was emancipated, but painfully uninteresting. I remember only one episode. "Ginger" had, it seemed, received a letter from home, recording a notice to quit. His indignation took the form of a vigorous asseveration that "when he got home he would keep a Lewis gun ready for the landlord. Twelve years' rent he had paid, on the nail, and fair bought the place twice over." I am ashamed to say that I applauded; and conscious of the impropriety, blew out my candle.

The problem of Esau won't bear thinking of. Yet you may be sure that when a problem won't bear thinking of, it has got to be prayed over until it will. Its pain is the measure of its urgency. Lo! here was I, with only a hedge of blackberries between him and me, and yet infinitely remote. The R.F.A. was full of Esaus, great children of the good red earth, rough-spoken, slow-witted, from our town-bred standpoint, yet at heart better than most of us. That humouresque gargoyle whom we know as "Old Bill" is none other than Esau himself, migrated to town a generation back. Jacob is always with us, willing to be helped and used. But Esau—what Church is big enough to hold him, and bold enough to consecrate his power?



# II—ADVANCE AMERICA! § 1 Their Advance Agents

The advent of the American army was not unheralded. In 1914 no lectures on British psychology had prepared the way in France for a proper understanding of our national characteristics, nor had the Canadians and Australians a school of forerunners. But the Americans were well served with advance agents of every

description who succeeded in creating an atmosphere so peculiar that we were soon prepared for anything. Bishop Brent made us hold our sides over their sky-scrapers and our breath over their Philippines. Dr. Kelman invoked our tolerance for their self-esteem, and warned us that we were about to deal with a people white-hot for war.

All this we listened to with amazement. Bishop Brent was so distinct from most bishops, and Dr. Kelman so unlike most Scotsmen, that we rubbed our eyes and tried to key our spirits up to the required height of patience and loving kindness. We compared notes with one another on moccasins and bowie-knives, studied seriously the milieu of Charles Chaplin, Esq., and wrote home for Whittier or Deadwood Dick, in accordance with our tastes. Then stories were launched on these favouring tides, returning to us much sodden after many days. Guardsmen whispered hoarsely that among the Americans "form fours" was replaced by "git thick." The newcomers were said to wear spats for puttees and to inquire in the communication trenches for the "way to the shooting gallery." Their doctors, early attached to our troops, called you "Sonny" on Sick Parade, and gave aspirins instead of No. 9's. A battalion of the A.E.F. had been seen on parade on a platform at Abbeville, and a light engine with one American passenger aboard had run past them. "What was that?" said the bystanders. "Was it conceivably an inspection?" "Inspection be blowed," replied those who knew. "That's our tailor just measuring the guys for their new soots."

### \$2 Other Legendary Lore

The clothing of the American army recalls the story which came out early in '18 from England. A young American officer had come across on the same ship as Lord Charles Beresford. On the first day out from New York he had climbed on to the bridge and thus introduced himself, "Say, guy, are you Lord Charles Beresford?" "Yes, I am." "Waal, then, just throw away that nasty thing you are smoking and chew a real cigar." Whereafter the friendship grew so fast that on arrival in England Lord Charles decided on a dinner party to welcome the one wise young swallow. The night and the guests came, so did the guest of the evening, but, alas! in morning clothes. When, after dinner, he rose to speak, he prefaced his remarks with the following explanation: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I feel I owe you an apology for appearing among you to-night without the wedding garment. I'll put you wise as to my difficulty. Four days ago I went to one of your slap-up Bond Street tailors and said: 'I desire to be measured for a dress soot, as I am to dine with Lord Charles Beresford in four days' time.' The storekeeper said, 'I'm exceedingly sorry to disoblige you, but it cannot possibly be done by then. I advise you to go round the corner where there is a shop which hires out dress soots.' Ladies and Gentlemen, I followed his instruction. I went round the corner and I said to the storekeeper I desired to hire a dress soot. He replied, 'Yes, sir; for what day may you require it?' I replied that I required it in four days' time to attend Lord Charles Beresford's dinner. The man's face fell, and he said: 'I am very sorry, sir, but all the dress soots for Lord Charles Beresford's dinner were hired out long ago."

Meanwhile the U.S.A. navy was also very earnestly at war, and their Highbrow Department, having taken into its hands the problem of tonnage, took it into its head to send down the navigating officers to superintend the launching of new additions to the mercantile marine. After such launching the bare hull has to be steered into dock for completion, and the bell and telephone system from the bridge to the engine room is highly primitive. Bishop Brent told me that on one such occasion the naval lieutenant concerned found his task well nigh beyond him, and in his nervousness rang down alterations of speed to the engine room in dazzling succession. The impending crisis came, and he found himself steering at high speed for the dock wall. In despair he rang down "Full speed astern," reinforcing his order through the speaking-tube, whereupon there came up to him a Scotch voice, with the immemorial patience of an ancient people in its every inflection. "Aweel, aweel, a' in gude time. I'm nine rings behind the noo, and I'll no tak' them oot o' their turn."

### GALTALICA SALES MARIES AND ARRIVE

## §3 Their Literature

The final fillip to our expectations, and one which came before the arrival of the first Americans in the salient, was a chance copy of Stars and Stripes. For our own part, like the schoolboys we were, the arts of fugitive literature had already been often wooed, if not won, in the B.E.F. for years past. In our old locality had appeared that great trilogy of the Wipers, the Kemmel, and the New Church (Neuve Eglise) Times, which have since been republished at home. Less classical productions emanated from the duplicators of Corps and Divisional Headquarters. I still have a copy of the Salient, the Christmas production of the 6th Corps in 1915; and the 58th Division had a semi-official magazine of no small merit, entitled the Direct Hit, at which, however, with his customary credulity, the Censor took umbrage.

The overseas forces, mostly through their Medical Corps, contributed one or two sprightly periodicals, such as the Canadian N.Y.D., to the public gaiety in '16 and '17; but all these sporadic efforts paled before the Stars and Stripes. Here was a full-sized weekly paper, with an office in Paris, and a whole-time editorial and business staff. On its front page appeared American Army Orders flanked on each side by humorous animadversions upon them. News from the S.O.S. (which diligent reading discovered to be the American L. of C., etc.) filled an inside page with breezy invective, expressed with an unconcern that made us gasp; while the correspondence columns were open (imagine our delight) to a free and poignant discussion on military etiquette. The leader was supported by a column of patriotic poetry, and set off by cartoons that respected no man's person. The rest of the paper contained intense and provocative journalese, the last record of American war enterprise, the building of huts, the handling of transport, the waging of war generally at an incalculable rate.

Here then was a great people, not merely animated by a single purpose, or fresh when all the rest of us (including the poor German) were spent and weary, but fascinated by the glamour of a thing that to Europe had long ago become drudgery.

Discipline was strained to breaking-point, when an American unit found that it could not go into action as soon and as completely as it wished. Stray gentry, in shirt sleeves and spats, were met with in unhealthy places asking, "Is the shooting gallery right here?" It was told of General Pershing (and of others, as occasion served) that on his first visit to the line in a quiet sector, he and his party, having left their car and assumed the panoply of war, were handed over to the care of a tired officer, who, as they proceeded up a communication trench returned brief answers to their enquiries, in a voice extremely subdued. There is nothing so infectious as a whisper, and they were quick to imitate his caution. Arrived in a trench at right angles to that by which they had come, their guide pointed out in yet lower tones a trench mortar and a Lewis gun, the information being passed back in muttered awe. The same question lay on the lips of each member of the party and General Pershing gave it utterance. Bending his head close to their escort's he enquired in a whisper, "How far away are the Boches?" "2,000 yards, sir," came the hushed reply. "2,000 yards! Then why the blazes, man, are you talking as if they were two?" shouted the indignant General. In the same quiet voice, the accused replied, "I'm sorry, sir; I've got laryngitis."

### \$5 My First Encounter

The first American I had speech with was a New York policeman attached to the Military Police at the Town Hall, Poperinghe. The scene of our encounter lay at the corner where the switch road crossed the Rue de Dunkirk, on its way to Proven, a point at which in the spring of 1918 house property was a highly speculative investment. His ambition was that I should display my pass, a thing I should have been glad to do, had I been entrusted with one. I explained that I was going home to a place called Talbot House, which I defined as an episcopalian saloon, of which I was the storekeeper. The words—well chosen, as I hoped—failed to soothe him; so I searched the bulging pockets of my tunic for some makeshift credential. His hand flew to his hip and the butt of his revolver, but as I produced nothing more forcible than a picture postcard of the chapel he too relented, and produced on his side a gigantic pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, which he unfolded with a friendly solemnity. Taking my trade card with an old-world courtesy, he perused it, while I stared fascinated at the transformation which the great brown glasses had wrought. Hitherto he had looked, in his close fitting tunic, a man with a gift equally towards speech and action, free but soldierly in manner.

Now he became a scientist, a cold and super-human being, a figure no longer martial but Martian. My mind went to Walter Pater, and his chapter concerning La Gioconda, the Sphinx of the Renaissance, with all the weight of the centuries upon her eyebrows. Presently the twin eclipses were removed, and snapped

into their case. I breathed again, and hinted that I must be going on my way. He drew himself up, and with a salute that shaded his face, as some well-known man might defend his profile from a Press photographer, he let me go. "I should worry," he said in parting, a form of words that (having no meaning whatever) is applicable to all occasions.

#### \$6 As We Came To Know Them

As time went on, the American population increased by leaps and bounds. One or two entire divisions, with a physique that took us back in memory of our '15 standards, swung up the dusty roads with a keen eye for the first sight of war. We had nothing whatever to resent in their attitude. They were the gravest and the most grateful apprentices that a cause could ever hope to have. Bombast there was none that we knew, nervous though we were to notice it; only a humble eagerness to redeem the time and to end the evil once for all. Such few misunderstandings as there were arose between those of all three armies who were in equal ignorance of what the war was. So it has been to this day.



#### III—THE SENIOR SERVICE AND KEMMEL HILL

One day in September, 1918, I was taking a constitutional across the Grande Place in Poperinghe, and thinking no harm, since there was no longer any harm to think. Two days before the enemy had gone back from Kemmel and we had no longer any reason to hurry across the Grande Place. As it was, my leisure was almost my undoing; for a big car swept up behind me, swerved and put about all in one breath, and came to anchor at my elbow. In it was seated, beside an army driver, an English naval officer of inordinately exalted exterior. It soon appeared that he had come up from a naval base of almost equal distinction with a view to finding the war, and lacked only two tin hats and a cicerone. The first I borrowed from the Town Hall, and myself supplied the last. May I be forgiven if these lines ever meet his eye! We made Vlamertinghe in a flash, and thence by Brielen and Salvation Corner to the Dead End. Here we left the car, with the driver as unconcerned as men always were who did not know that cheerless spot. The autumn before the 29th Division had begun to erect there a series of model dwellings with an optimism that did more credit to their hearts than to their heads; and the recent ruins of these added a touch of tenderness to the tout ensemble. I took my companion as far as I dared up over the brow of the Kaaie salient and out towards St. Jean. He took me the rest of the way, conversing affably meanwhile as he stooped to pick up souvenirs, and I for other reasons. With some difficulty he was at last persuaded (1) that the front line was



the front line, (2) that visitors were not allowed beyond it. We then returned and found the car with a damaged screen and the driver with a grievance. R.N. now wanted to go through Ypres, but local opinion (freely and forcibly expressed) discountenanced this. So back through Vlamertinghe to Brandhoek, which lately had fallen into disrepair, and indeed continued to be so, as we passed through it that autumn afternoon. Safely beyond, we turned to the right and paused at a disreputable farm I knew of. Fortified here with lunch, and with the subsequent companionship of our host—a kite balloon observer—we made our way towards the rising ground of Kemmel via La Clytte.

I had gone out idly to show the war to someone else, but I felt that afternoon that I had never before seen what war was. All the country under the lea of Kemmel had hitherto been preserved in peace. Here had stood the wooded camps, the quiet homes, the gentle hills where peasants toiled, and children played, and troops made holiday. In yonder camp I had sought and found Fred Burrow, all aglow with the pride of a final stripe and a well-won ribbon, and we had talked together of home. That was a year ago, and now I was soon to be searching in vain for the place near Hollebeke where his body lay. But even in the camp itself, so trim and clean and full of laughter, was now a wilderness of waste and wreckage, possessed merely by things rank and gross and most unnatural. Ypres I had only come to know after the first months of flame and desolation had worked their will, and the landscape had settled down to an unquestioned unloveliness. But here on the Western slopes of Kemmel war had leapt on life, and torn it, and cast it aside capriciously. The doll and the doll's

perambulator lay dumbly among the broken limbers and the lifeless things that once were mules and men. A broken doll's-house is (God wot) most pitiful; but a neat well-painted doll's-house all intact beside a real human home all shattered is a sadder sight by far; and all the toys and trifles that lay by the road-side were to the west of the houses whence they came, as though carried thus far in the first flight from home, and then in blank despair abandoned; while between the broken brickwork and boarding of the cottages there were glimpses of half-set meals and broken chairs and wallpaper hanging sodden and forlorn. The hill itself beyond was horrible enough, for no dark quicksand there concealed the hideous cost of capture, and men of four great nations lay there openly, among their broken engines of death and beasts still burdened to their tasks. While yet they held the hill the Germans had done what they could with quicklime, but the deeper shell holes held medleys of mankind that made the living wince and turn away.

War cannot be conquered by a recital of its horrors, nor any other evil by a presentiment, however true, of the misery it brings. Fear has torment at its command, but the courage of man is blind to both, and our very virtues contribute thus to our undoing. Once a Calvary stood on Kemmel; perhaps already it is replaced, as it well may be. If not, I would that He might be shown there seated, teaching the bold Beatitudes anew.



#### A FINAL APOLOGY

Stricken as we are to-day with the consciousness of one another's infirmities, I am not so blind to my own as to think that I know as much about 1918 as you. But you, for your part, are superbly silent, and leave all public lecturing of the war to absentees from the thing itself. Partly do you do this because your words are always few. Pettifer, for instance, when appealed to for a judgment on the Kaiser, said, "I'd 'andcuff 'im to a ghost," and let the matter drop. "Deeds, not words," is the most characteristic English motto; and if Darwin had thought of it, when looking for evidences of man's descent from the dumb animals, he might well have adduced the Englishman as a creature still largely inarticulate.

To-day, for example, you sat (or more probably stood) in a railway carriage. You glowered—don't attempt to deny it—at the man opposite you. He glowered back, the pair of you wondering whether the face of the other most betokened murder or suicide. Yet when men once lived together in the midst of murder on a scale never before attempted, they did not reach for the Alarm Signal (penalty £5) when a neighbour looked their way. Nor, when he did so, did he diagnose uric acid. But it is not only your silence which hinders storytelling, it is your memory itself which has not yet absorbed your experiences. So you seem to have forgotten; though once you laughed loud and long when bidden in some

patriotic print to "Remember Belgium." Then Belgium was a nightmare, and Blighty' was a dream. Now Blighty' is the nightmare and Belgium is the dream. Why so? Partly, no doubt, because Mammon is more cruel than Mars, and a far more exacting master.

Partly because the struggle to remember little things is painfully urgent, and it is cheaper to forget Messines than to forget your umbrella. But, chiefly, your silence is surely due to the slowness of your English digestion of experiences. The English are slow to act, but they act before they speak; they are slow to speak, but they speak before they think; they are slow to think, but their thoughts are summer lightning in comparison with the processes of their recollection. It is not merely that memory is retentive, as on those frontiers of India where the tradition of Alexander's conquests still lingers. Rather it is that the significance of past events takes an age to reach our minds. Light, travelling to the nearest star, has so far to go that if men could see our world from thence, they would now be witnessing the landing of Duke William at Pevensey. But the English memory is slower still; and no event reaches England until it is wholly forgotten elsewhere. It is therefore not surprising that England does not yet remember the European War. What some of us are hoping is that the time is now at hand when we may, as a nation, be conscious of the arrival upon our shores of the Christian religion.

Note. The card reproduced below reached Tubby for Christmas, 1917. At a very bitter time in the Salient it expresses quite simply the faith that victory would come in the New Year. A joint message, pencilled on the back by Alec Paterson and Tom Angliss (officially officer and batman, in real life old Bermondsey friends), wishes the House "all the best."





Photograph by H. J. Whielock, 1928.

yours always Gen.

your ever.

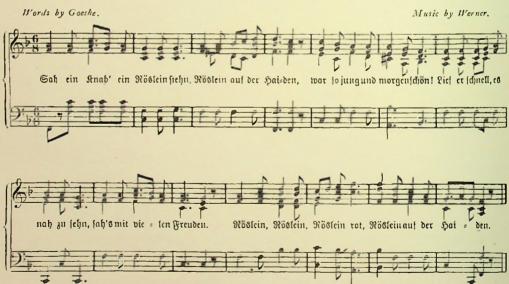
The Rev. PHILIP THOMAS BYARD CLAYTON, M.C. ("Tubby"), Founder Padre of Toc H; and ARTHUR PETTIFER, M.M. ("The General"), late Private, The Buffs, on the staff of Talbot House, Poperinghe (1915-1919), Major-dome of Toc H Mark I, London (1919-1925), now with Tubby at All Hallows Berkyngechirche-by-the-Tower.



"Outside Regnal House" (see page 339).

Photograph by Daily News, Ltd.





# THE NEXT STEP

N old days the cry to the first great Christian Pilgrim was "Come over into Macedonia and help us." Toc H work at home needs all the wise heads we have, but work overseas has claimed many of our wisest. Australia has had much of Pat, South Africa and Canada of Harry and Gilbert, the United States

of Sawbones; South America has now justly claimed Tubby. And at last surely Europe, which we have overleapt in the urgency of answering the calls from the furthest parts of the world, will call us too. It is much too early to be precise about this or to venture any prophecy. Already a few of us are hoping that 1928 will see, here or there in Europe, the first steps taken and the way of advance opening out before Toc H. The job in Europe is at once nearer and infinitely further anyway than anything we have yet attempted abroad. For in Valparaiso or Singapore the membership of Toc H is of our own race, and where (as in India and Ceylon) it has begun to go outside our own race, it is after all but bringing into the family men who have long been in close contact with one another in the life of every day; in the United States our brethren at least speak the same (or a very similar) language. Those who are thus beginning to widen the circle know full well how difficult an advance it is and how well worth while. Europe provides, for Toc H, country in its own way not less difficult; country which is even less surveyed and prepared for such an advance. If anyone should ask if it be worth while, the lack of mutual understanding and of the "Toc H spirit" which brought 10,000,000 young men to violent deaths in four recent years should provide one of the overwhelming answers.

What are the "contacts" already established? They are mostly of the slightest Here or there, up and down the country, a guest from some Continental country has been welcomed at a meeting or a conference of Toc H. One or two Frenchmen, one or two Dutchmen, an Austrian, at least a couple of Germans, two Danes, have slept in our Houses or camps. And what are the indications that an advance in 1928 is possible? Again they are slight—but they are quite visible, spots of light upon an unfamiliar horizon. Ypres, Antwerp and Brussels have their small Groups, still of Englishmen but in a position to reach the young Belgian. In Denmark there are several Danish members, and the first true Toc H Pilgrim who can contrive to reach Copenhagen can bring a Group into being under Falk-Hansen's wise guidance.

The first fruitful touches with young Europe might have come from any direction—except from Italy and Russia, whose respective governments would scarcely countenance the danger of Toc H in their midst. One such touch has, in point of fact, come from Germany—and that by a series of "accidents" such as are characteristic of Toc H history. Last year a young German studying in North Wales came across Toc H, widened his knowledge by a stay in Mark IV, Manchester, Mark II and The Brothers' House in London, and deepened it by attending the Birthday Festival. After much thought he offered himself for membership of Toc H, and was welcomed as our first German member with

notable enthusiasm by the crowd of members assembled on the Sunday of the Birthday. Since then he has been joined by another compatriot, an ex-naval officer. At the moment these two stand alone in Germany for Toc H. Whether it is destined to grow into a Movement there, remains to be seen.

#### Some of the Difficulties.

Before recounting the other brief episodes in this "chapter of accidents" up to date, it is worth while to glance at some of the difficulties which beset the path of Toc H into Germany. Clearly the first which leaps to everyone's mind is the War. That stupendous dividing line of death, drawn between the life of yesterday and of to-day, is both a barrier and a bond between our two nations. It is a barrier unsurmountable to some Englishmen and some Germans -probably to even more English women and German women. It is a barrier to some on both sides who suffered overmuch in their own persons or in those of their kin and friends; they cannot forget or bring themselves to forgive, and it is not for any of us to question the deep feeling which moves them. It is also a barrier to some others who saw and suffered no violence at close quarters in the War (hatred was often easier in the drawing-room than in the line); and the continued enmity of such people is a matter for regret rather than respect, for they are not on the side of the world's peace. Among our own members there are certainly some who will not feel themselves able to help personally in an approach to Germany, but at least they will not hinder. On the other hand —by a paradox which ten years ago would have seemed monstrous to nearly all of us—the War is also a bond. It proves, in many actual instances, to be a bond between ex-Service men of both sides who have the same terrific experiences in common. And it ought to be, it must be, it is, a bond between the postwar generations of both nations to whom falls the great enterprise of building "some better thing" on the ruins which their elders have bequeathed to them. Were this not so (and, thank God, there is abundant evidence that it is so) the outlook for a sane and civilised world would be black indeed.

When all that is said, let us not think that the difficulty of the War is easily overcome. The thing goes too deep to be glossed over, it is no empty ghost to be laid by saying a catchword charm about "letting byegones be byegones." If a British Toc H is to have a counterpart in Germany, members of both its parts must deal frankly with each other, for that is the "Toc H spirit" among men who differ deeply. "To think fairly"—"To listen humbly and hospitably to Everyman's story, to hear him and to ask him questions, and to help the truth to prevail"—is one of the most difficult of the Points of our Compass, and never more difficult than in this regard. Each of our two nations has its own story of the War, its origin, its conduct, and its end; each has a "case," supported by facts and documents and skilful propaganda, and sincerely held. It will be hard indeed for many a British Toc H member and many a German to be "humble" or "hospitable" or even merely patient as he listens to what the other has to say on this subject. And yet we cannot escape the duty of trying to understand, in order that some day—in the true perspective of history in the years to

come—the truth shall prevail.

Another, and a fundamental, difficulty lies in the difference between the British and the German habit of mind. The way we look at the world (the German packs that phrase into one of his cumbrously convenient "portmanteau" words -Weltanschauung) is not the same, and the difference is too subtle to be easily explained. Broadly speaking, the British temperament is optimist, the German pessimist, e.g., the British Toc H member will look first at the possibilities of a new job as it comes along, the German first at its difficulties. The British, on the whole, love to leap before they look, the Germans to look a long while before The first German member of Toc H took an application form away with him for a week and came back with some of its words underlined and with notes and queries down the margins of its front and back; he would not sign it until the notes had been discussed and the queries answered—in other words, until he felt pretty sure what he was in for by joining. The average English applicant (Scotsmen and Irishmen may be different!) says: "This seems a jolly good show, and I'd like to have a cut at it"; he signs his form and then begins, with the help of the Pilot and practical experience, to discover what Toc H means in detail. If you like to put it so, the Englishman's first instinct is action—
"get busy" and "don't meet troubles half way." Troubles come and, not having thought them out beforehand, he "muddles through"—that is the remarkable history, sometimes triumphant and sometimes disastrous, of our Empire. a thinker the English "man-in-the-street" or "average-good-fellow" is rather glad to be lazy and illogical—he despises much thought as "highbrow," and people who want to argue bore him. This characteristic is one of his lively charms and one of his sad limitations. The German mind is built on another plan. At every stage of an undertaking it wants to know "Why this? Why that? Why-and again Why?" With infinite patience and slow labour it builds up the details; nothing is omitted or left to chance. It seeks to see the end from the beginning, and when, at some stage or other, the unexpected, the unreasonable, the accidental, cuts across the logical plan, the German does not cheerily "muddle through"—he has to start afresh, and that is depressing. The accumulation of facts and the "highbrow" phrases which a young German uses quite naturally, and especially the persistence with which he argues a question, will begin by astonishing an average English Toc H member of the same age, and will often end by irritating him intensely. Our tendency will be to say "Why worry? It's neither here nor there. Let's get on with the job." And the German will answer: "But what is the job? I must know exactly where I'm going, and why." The thoughtlessness of the Englishman and the thoughtfulness of the German are deep-founded habits we shall have to reckon with. They are national virtues—and failings. It is most important to realize that any Toc II in Germany would have to be genuinely German in thought and method.

Among other difficulties, let us touch lightly (not in the least because it is unimportant) on another sort of difficulty—religious and political. In England, at any rate, we are divided, denominationally, into an extraordinary variety of opinion and practice; the Church of England in itself provides an example. We are divided, but our divisions (except in rare moments like the Prayer Book

controversy) seldom produce a dangerous clash of arms. In Germany, as in Ireland, the situation is quite other. The nation is divided—not quite equally in half numerically, and not strictly North  $\nu$ . South geographically—into two religious camps unceasingly "standing to." The division cuts deep into social life and into politics—if you are a Catholic you will vote for a particular political party and you will belong to certain clubs and societies only; if you are a Protestant, you will support other parties and institutions. To a vast number of people in Germany (as to some people still in England, let us admit) the "family" of Toc H, which includes on equal terms members of the Roman Catholic and the "Reformed" Churches, the Tory and the Socialist, is, at first sight, unthinkable. That the "lion and the lamb shall lie down together" is a hard saying; it seems to many men a contradiction in terms. And yet the various parties cannot hope to understand each other—as among us they do begin to understand each other—unless they have a chance of meeting in mutual respect.

There is scarcely need to stress the language difficulty. In this matter, frankly, it is "up to us." For every Englishman who can communicate in the language with a German, there always seem to be twenty Germans who can understand and speak English. Out of the 112 Toc H and L.W.H. members who travelled through Germany together in 1922 to witness the Passion Play, only the odd dozen could understand or speak in any degree the language of their hosts. After all, how many of us who learnt French for years at school can easily spend an evening in discussion with a Frenchman in his own speech? Very likely we never learnt German at school-but, just as likely, it wouldn't make any difference if we had! The writer can never forget the awesome spectacle, seen once in an hotel in Venice, of an educated Englishman who, having shot a long English sentence, as out of a machine-gun, at a diminutive Italian page-boy, and failed to "get it across," made the company jump by shouting, "Is there no one here who can speak God's language?" And, indeed, some of us have never imagined that any language but our own is current in Heaven. The reasons for our lack are various, but let us freely admit the commonest to be indolence and a certain sublime national self-sufficiency Now indolence and self-sufficiency are not characteristics of the "Toc H spirit." If German is the matter in hand, it is an easier language (despite its odd sound to unaccustomed cars, and its Gothic letters—which can be mastered in twenty minutes) than French, because it is much more like our own. It is certainly not half as hard as English is to the foreigner, for ours is the richest and the most unreasonable language in Europe. And so, fortified with a month of Hugo's unromantic pages, we take the plunge one fine day: we say "Guten Morgen" to a Teuton Stranger in the train, or ask a waiter for the cheese in his own tongue. That is the beginning, but not at all the end, for a foreign language as a mere medium for politeness or shopping does not serve the far-reaching purpose of Toc H. As we go stumbling on, unashamed of our linguistic "howlers," about which our German listener will be unfailingly patient and even tiresomely helpful, we begin to discover that a foreign language means not merely a different noise coming from our lips, but a manner of expressing ourselves, and even a way of thinking, somehow a bit different from our own. When we find ourselves, for instance, saying—without fear or forethought—extravagant and romantic things in French or Italian, things which translated into literal English would make us blush to be ridiculous, we are in a true position to understand the mind of the Frenchman or the Italian: he can never again be to us merely a "Froggie" or an "Organ-grinder." In the American phrase, we can now at last "get him where he lives." And that is just what Toc H means by "a new understanding between man and man."

Grasp, therefore, your courage in one hand and your sense of humour in the other; attack the forbidding German tongue. The cold print of Hugo will soon give place to a warm affair of the heart; the cumbrous words which at first enable you to buy a tram ticket in a foreign land, will at last prove the key which unlocks another nation's mind and the golden treasure of its literature. And the strange but sure sequel is a reaction upon our own knowledge of, and love for, our own native tongue. "The man who knows no other language," said the greatest of German writers, "does not know his own." Learn French or German or Spanish, or what we will, and the meaning of English itself will be for us greatly enriched, because it is more clearly discerned. But this comes dangerously near a digression! For so many truisms the writer ought to beg his readers' pardon.

#### THE PATH OF GERMAN YOUTH.

So much for some of the difficulties in the way of approach to a foreign country; there are also others—all of them made to be overcome. And now, what shall we say of German youth, the goal we seek to find and touch? Its lot is hard, much harder than most of us yet realise; but its courage and keenness are among the most significant and touching things in the world to-day. The schoolboy generation of Germany in 1928 had a bad start, a far worse start than our own children of their age. Stand before a child's cot at home or in a hospital, say to yourself "No milk yesterday, or to-day, or next week"—and think that out. Imagine that all the fat there was had gone to feed guns instead of nursing-mothers, and that the bread was (visibly) made of sawdust. There is no need to dilate further here on the effects of a blockade which was not fully lifted until seven months after the Armistice had been signed. The only point at the moment is that the German youth of to-day and of to-morrow had a desperately hard start. Physically (not least of all, nervously), mentally and spiritually, that fact has to be reckoned with in 1928 and for a good many years to come. Next, remember—with as much sympathy as you can summon—that victory, however hardly won, and defeat, however bravely faced, are extremely different things. Right up to the stupendous climax in 1918 the German man and woman "in-the-street" (though not the General Staff) knew that their Fatherland was winning on every front—such is the power of desperately efficient propaganda upon disciplined people. And then the endless train of maimed and wounded from the line was followed, without warning, by another endless procession—their own battalions marching back. As these words are penned there lies before the writer a photograph of a street in Cologne with the first-comers in that procession marching up it. They march sturdily, officers and men; a few even have smiles upon their

faces; all have flowers in their caps or tunics or thrust into the muzzles of their faces; all have flowers in their caps are strung from house to house and such sloped rifles; over their heads flags are strung from house to house and such sloped rifles; over their heads half who have and such mottoes as "Heroes all, welcome home!" Another photograph lies beside the first: the background is the steps of Cologne Cathedral; up a side street swing first: the background is the steps of the Scottish pipers leading the infantry; British cavalry is drawn up in long the Scottish pipers leading the infantry; British cavalry is drawn up in long ranks across the Square. The significance of those two photographs, even ten ranks across the Square. This is hard to keep out of mind; those they years after they were taken, is hard to keep out of mind; those two pictures wears after they were taken, is hard british or German, a matter of infinite tach and constant forbearance towards each other. And what did Defeat and Versailles and Occupation mean at the time—and since then—to German youth? There was a pause of sheer unbelief, the nation's heart stood still—and then the crash! Disillusionment, bitterest anger and grief, the personal and public sense of defeat, gave way, swiftly, to action—revolution. We have heard much, both true and false, about revolution in Moscow; we have known very little of revolution in Berlin. The head of the nation had fled in the night, and in the place of his government there was, in this city or that, a mob that could shoot and issue decrees of its capricious will. An officer who stepped into the street in uniform was courting death; the gates of the convict prisons were thrown open; every restraint (in a country which had lived under it so much and so long) was lifted all censorship of morals in press and theatre and street was forbidden. The Germans are an orderly people (to a fault in some things) and the habit of order began to reassert itself, but a deep wound had been inflicted on everyday life, a wound which youth, being most sensitive, felt especially and still feels. Inevitably, but more slowly at first, the financial crash followed. In the Summer of 1922 the Toc H Pilgrims to Oberammergau travelled the whole length of Germany for half-a-crown. It was great fun for an Englishman to be rich on a few shillings in the best hotels and shops—unless he realised what this meant to the Germans who treated him with such true kindness. If he had looked closer he would have seen hearts sinking in tune with the exchange value of the mark. A few months later the mark was on the run—so fantastically that we, with all our financial troubles at home, can scarcely picture the scene. An actual instance, among thousands, may suffice. On the one hand here was a schoolmaster in a fine secondary school in Berlin, drawing his fixed salary as a weekly wage. On pay-day his wife always waited at the bottom of the stairs, and the instant he was paid he came down and thrust the handful of notes into her hand. She ran to the nearest shop, bought a quarter-pound of butter for the week and laid out what remained in potatoes and the food that goes furthest: she ran, because stocking her bare larder, which cost millions of marks that afternoon, might cost literally a billion before closing time. And these meagre rations appeared not only on her own table, but must help out some of the perilously underfed youngsters in her husband's class. On the other hand, the same schoolmaster saw lads of eighteen, uneducated, unprincipled but "lucky," who had speculated in exchanges, buying several cars and several houses in one day—with a mistress to each house and unlimited drink as the way into their new world. Nowadays the schoolmaster and his wife live again in very modest comfort, while some of

the young speculators go in rags and bemoan the injustice of their fate. The mad crisis of "inflation" is over, but not its effects. For what can the extreme of poverty and, still worse, the extreme of sudden riches, not do and undo in the body, mind and spirit of youth? Let us simply repeat—the youth of Germany has had a

But this is not intended to be a hopeless story—the youth of Germany assuredly does not so intend it. The darkness of a catastrophe which was certainly none of their seeking—they were schoolboys, or infants, or unborn when the War began—serves but to let the light shine. Most people in England have heard tell of the "German Youth Movement," especially in the last few years. The Youth Movement (Jugendhewegung) is older than 1914 in origin, but the War has given it a new and immense significance. So vast an amount has been thought and said and written and done about it, that this is no place to do more than merely touch the subject. Actually there is no such thing as the German Youth Movement nowadays, but rather a great and complex series of Movements, differing to all extremes in their special aims—æsthetic, political, moral and religious.\* With some sections Toc H would find itself entirely out of touch, both uncomprehending and incomprehensible. With others, whether wholly or partially, it can find common ground and (let us hope, without any experience as yet to guide us) a deep-founded fellowship.

Only, we on our side must never forget the dark and dangerous places through which the rising generation of Germany has passed and is passing. On the whole, the first article of its creed—and we can understand it, if we have any lively imagination—is that the past is bad, irredeemably damned and dead and done with. "The old politics, the old education, the old religion of the Churches gave us the War—therefore away with them all. We must build a new world." German youth is, for the most part, fiercely pacifist: it does not see soldiers now in the streets, and it does not wish to see them. It is apt to be impatient about history, to deride tradition, to despise all discipline except its own self-discipline. This reaction from the past was bound to come, and, as every nation's history shows over and over again, the pendulum is apt to swing too far the other way. It will swing back—but never, surely, right back to what the rest of the world (and indeed many Germans) knew, resented and feared as "Prussianism." Prussianism is not dead: you can see it, with all its old virtues and vices (it has plenty of both) South of the Alps to-day. But Germany, apart from a little minority such as is to be found in every country (including our own), will have none of it. And so, forsaking the old ground—sometimes the firm as well as the rotten—on which its fathers stood, German youth sets out on a quest into the uncharted future. Some of the old guides it has rejected are best forgotten, but it will find others of them, again, to be honest and necessary. If some of the lights it follows are will-o'-the-wisps, others are surely the unchanging stars.

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faces; all have flowers in their caps or tunics or thrust into the muzzles of their faces; all have flowers in their caps are strung from house to house and such sloped rifles; over their heads flags are strung from house to house and such sloped rifles; over their heads half who have and such mottoes as "Heroes all, welcome home!" Another photograph lies beside the first: the background is the steps of Cologne Cathedral; up a side street swing first: the background is the steps of the Scottish pipers leading the infantry; British cavalry is drawn up in long the Scottish pipers leading the infantry; British cavalry is drawn up in long ranks across the Square. The significance of those two photographs, even ten ranks across the Square. This is hard to keep out of mind; those they years after they were taken, is hard to keep out of mind; those two pictures wears after they were taken, is hard british or German, a matter of infinite tach and constant forbearance towards each other. And what did Defeat and Versailles and Occupation mean at the time—and since then—to German youth? There was a pause of sheer unbelief, the nation's heart stood still—and then the crash! Disillusionment, bitterest anger and grief, the personal and public sense of defeat, gave way, swiftly, to action—revolution. We have heard much, both true and false, about revolution in Moscow; we have known very little of revolution in Berlin. The head of the nation had fled in the night, and in the place of his government there was, in this city or that, a mob that could shoot and issue decrees of its capricious will. An officer who stepped into the street in uniform was courting death; the gates of the convict prisons were thrown open; every restraint (in a country which had lived under it so much and so long) was lifted all censorship of morals in press and theatre and street was forbidden. The Germans are an orderly people (to a fault in some things) and the habit of order began to reassert itself, but a deep wound had been inflicted on everyday life, a wound which youth, being most sensitive, felt especially and still feels. Inevitably, but more slowly at first, the financial crash followed. In the Summer of 1922 the Toc H Pilgrims to Oberammergau travelled the whole length of Germany for half-a-crown. It was great fun for an Englishman to be rich on a few shillings in the best hotels and shops—unless he realised what this meant to the Germans who treated him with such true kindness. If he had looked closer he would have seen hearts sinking in tune with the exchange value of the mark. A few months later the mark was on the run—so fantastically that we, with all our financial troubles at home, can scarcely picture the scene. An actual instance, among thousands, may suffice. On the one hand here was a schoolmaster in a fine secondary school in Berlin, drawing his fixed salary as a weekly wage. On pay-day his wife always waited at the bottom of the stairs, and the instant he was paid he came down and thrust the handful of notes into her hand. She ran to the nearest shop, bought a quarter-pound of butter for the week and laid out what remained in potatoes and the food that goes furthest: she ran, because stocking her bare larder, which cost millions of marks that afternoon, might cost literally a billion before closing time. And these meagre rations appeared not only on her own table, but must help out some of the perilously underfed youngsters in her husband's class. On the other hand, the same schoolmaster saw lads of eighteen, uneducated, unprincipled but "lucky," who had speculated in exchanges, buying several cars and several houses in one day—with a mistress to each house and unlimited drink as the way into their new world. Nowadays the schoolmaster and his wife live again in very modest comfort, while some of

the young speculators go in rags and bemoan the injustice of their fate. The mad crisis of "inflation" is over, but not its effects. For what can the extreme of poverty and, still worse, the extreme of sudden riches, not do and undo in the body, mind and spirit of youth? Let us simply repeat—the youth of Germany has had a

But this is not intended to be a hopeless story—the youth of Germany assuredly does not so intend it. The darkness of a catastrophe which was certainly none of their seeking—they were schoolboys, or infants, or unborn when the War began—serves but to let the light shine. Most people in England have heard tell of the "German Youth Movement," especially in the last few years. The Youth Movement (Jugendhewegung) is older than 1914 in origin, but the War has given it a new and immense significance. So vast an amount has been thought and said and written and done about it, that this is no place to do more than merely touch the subject. Actually there is no such thing as the German Youth Movement nowadays, but rather a great and complex series of Movements, differing to all extremes in their special aims—æsthetic, political, moral and religious.\* With some sections Toc H would find itself entirely out of touch, both uncomprehending and incomprehensible. With others, whether wholly or partially, it can find common ground and (let us hope, without any experience as yet to guide us) a deep-founded fellowship.

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Is all this any concern of Toc H? Can it help? Ought it to try to help? If the world is meant to be an unremitting warfare of classes and nations, then let us stand clear of any such "entangling alliances" and mind our own business, which is already pretty considerable. But if Toc H is not only a "family," but a Christian family, there can be no question. We are not so arrogant as to believe that God has no other children than ourselves, or that Christ recognises no more brothers. God?—what has German youth to say to that Name? Thousands of young men and young women in Germany to-day are thinking deeply and diversely about the answer to that question. They find it hard any longer to appeal as we do, often perhaps too easily, to the "God of our fathers," still less of "our far-flung battle line." But the ultimate Light, creative, redemptive, holding all souls in life, has not gone out: it is hidden from many eyes behind shifting clouds. "God is-Someone, somewhere," seems to be the cry you hear very often on the lips of young Germany, or read in the pages of its youth periodicals. It is a halting cry; it is full of longing (how that work Sehnsucht crops up again and again!); it is a cry of restlessness and struggle and genuine suffering, often of a kind of self-torture to which the British race is very little given; it comes from the heart. If, therefore, Toc H is allowed, if it is able—and if it is worthy—to go and "stand by" in some corner of this difficult field, let it go. The thing is a high adventure, it is a real pilgrimage that German youth sets out upon. It is a confused thing, sometimes (as we should judge it) definitely a wrong thing, but, at its highest, also a most gallant thing, full of courage and beauty and creative joy. There is laughter and singing about it. And the goal, still so clouded, is surely no new one but the oldest of all, because it is eternal. It is centuries since a great woman, among the countless host of witnesses, found it, and left these words for all other seckers—

Let nothing disturb thee, nothing affright thee . . . All things are passing: God never changeth.

If the foregoing is intended as an introduction to the report of what has attually been accomplished with regard to Toc H and Germany, it must be considered as out of proportion. For the happenings, so far, have been detached and tiny beginnings. Beyond individual contacts here and there, they are these:—

A Newspaper Article

THE Munich Illustrated Press (Muenchener Illustrierte Presse) of April 16 last published a well-illustrated article written by its own correspondent, under the title "Toc H, the House of those ready for Peace (Friedfertigen): a modern Order against class-strife and war." The article, which is very short, shows real understanding of the aims of Toc H, but makes one very curious mistake about the history of Talbot House. "In the year 1918," says the writer, "the piece of country on which the House stood passed into the hands of the Germans. The English war records show that the German Corps Commander of the time expressly asked permission of G.H.Q. (i.e., German "Grosshauptquartier") to keep the House open for the purpose for which it was founded." The statement in the first sentence nearly came true in 1918—but not quite. If it had come true, it is probable enough that the second sentence might have come true, too—with a very big difference. But substitute "A.P.M., Poperinghe" for "German Corps Commander," and "H.Q. Second Corps" (British) for "G.H.Q." (German) and you will not be far off real history. This article in a good class of illustrated paper at any rate roused interest and has brought us some keen inquiries.

# A Schoolboys' Visit

At the end of March a member of the Service Council of the Society of Friends rang up our H.Q. one morning to ask for advice and, if possible, some help. The Quakers, in the course of their great work of international hospitality, were "snowed under" with foreign parties visiting London. Here was a party of German schoolboys expected—could Toc H suggest anywhere for them to sleep? In a rash moment (not regretted afterwards) Toc H offered to take over the complete programme of the party, with its billeting and entertaining for a fortnight. Two members, who happened to talk German, at once set to work—Paul Slessor (Secretary of Keston) and Barkis (H.Q.). The problem of billeting eighteen people was solved most happily, for Padre Donald Standfast (Warden), Dick Holloway (Treasurer) and all the hostellers of Regnal House agreed whole-heartedly to welcome them to their fine House, which is ideal for the purpose—roomy, central and, above all, full of the spirit of friendship. On May 12 the party arrived on a German liner at Southampton, where the Friends, joined by a few Toc H members, welcomed and entertained them. On May 14 they arrived in London.

First, a little about the party itself. It consisted of sixteen boys, aged 17-20, from the top class of a great Continuation School, led by two of their schoolmasters. A mistress of their school, an English Quakeress, helped very much with the preparations over there, but did not accompany them. Two points of special interest are that the school, the Kaiser Friedrich Gymnasium, is in the East End of Berlin, and the boys in the party (with about three exceptions) were the sons of working-class parents. Some of them came from the poorest and most overcrowded families, and, until they reached Regnal House, had scarcely known what it is to have a whole bed to oneself. The second point is that this visit was not reckoned as a holiday -though it was wonderfully that in many ways: it was time taken out of the school term, and used for one of the finest forms of education—seeing the world and learning about other people. This experiment, peculiar as yet to this particular school in Berlin, is worth watching and, if possible, following. Going abroad is, for hard-up scholars, a very serious undertaking, but some other classes in the school take the less expensive course of an exchange with another school, i.e., a whole class from Berlin and a whole class in a Hamburg school will "swop over" for a few weeks. Imagine how the Manchester boy would revel in such a transfer, even of his lessons, to London, and how the Cockney would find that he still had something new to learn when he got to Manchester!

It would be invidious to describe our guests in detail, for they are pretty certain to read these pages closely. In appearance and in some points of dress they were as obviously un-English as a party of London secondary schoolboys would look un-German in Berlin. Physically, some of them betrayed the handicap of having been "war-babies"; in mental development and general knowledge they were as far ahead of average English boys of their age as in some other ways they were behind them. All of them understood English well, and spoke it with varying success, while their familiarity with our history and literature up to date was quite surprising. (On the other hand, apart from their two guides, they met one Canterbury member and one Christ's Hospital boy who could really speak their language!) There was a big difference in dress and home conditions between one or two and the rest, but they notably formed one "team," into which class divisions never for a moment entered. Their two masters, Dr. Karl Sturm (wounded before Ypres and again in Russia), who teaches them English, and Herr Fritz Krueger, who teaches French, were the true friends—without losing discipline—of their boys and at once became true friends to us all.

The finance of the undertaking claims a short paragraph. Each boy was in possession of roughly £10 (200 marks—the Reichsmark equals 1s.). Of this, about half went to the railways and the Hamburg-Amerika Line for his journey. In England they paid their way for

billets, meals, bus-fares, etc., and this would have left little enough, if anything, over. A little extra money was therefore raised by Toc H among sympathisers, and special thanks are due to the London Rotary Club for freely providing private cars, with owner drivers or chauffeurs, again and again, which alone made the longer expeditions possible. It is worth noting how the money was raised in Germany. The Lord Mayor (Oberbuergermeister) of Berlin, who knows the school well, gave £50, and two other friends about £25 each; the City of Berlin about £10. The rest came from the boys themselves, who raised £14 by writing and performing a Revue of their own, and who gave sums varying between £10 and 50s. One, having no resources, was brought free, and another, who fell seriously ill before starting, was given the money to come to England later.

It would take too long to enter into the crowded programme of the fortnight in every detail. It was very strenuous, but keenness and continuous good humour conquered cold, rain and weariness. Its bare skeleton was as follows:—

Saturday and Sunday, May 12 and 13.—In Southampton. Visit to the Taunton School, etc. Monday, May 14.—Arrive London midday. A great welcome—not to mention Press photographers. In the evening music and riotous games at Regnal House, led by Donald Standfast.

Tuesday, May 15.—After a first view of the Park, etc., and lunch, the London Electric Railways entertain the party for over six hours (private bus to the great Omnibus works at Chiswick, tea, and a two-hours' tour of the Underground and Tube system).

Wednesday, May 16.—Various sightseeing, ending with a packed and happy Guest Night at Mark I (Talks by Herr Dickhoff, Secretary of the German Embassy, and Barkis, and music).

Thursday, May 17.—Morning, various. In the afternoon the party shown round the Houses of Parliament by Members of the House of Commons Group of Toc H. Evening at the Lucas Tooth Institute (physical training) in Bermondsey.

Friday, May 18.—Morning, St. Paul's and the Tower of London; lunch at New June; All Hallows Church, with a charming welcome and talk by Tubby. Evening, King Lear at the "Old Vic."

Saturday, May 19.—A whole day on a river steamer (provided by a Regnal Toc H member) between Maidenhead and Henley. Equal numbers of Germans and English on board. Much music and laughter; the whole party threatened with arrest in Henley for decorating the Town Hall lamp-post with Donald Standfast's kipper.

Sunday, May 20: Early by four cars to Canterbury; Matins in the Cathedral; shown round by the Bishop of Dover ("Archie" of Canterbury Branch); lunch with the Branch, and tea

with Ashford Rotary Club on the way home.

Monday, May 21: Morning at the Law Courts; afternoon at the Royal Albert Docks; Guest

Night at Second June.

Tuesday, May 22: By cars to Oxford, as guests of the Oxford Branch. Evening, music and dance at Regnal House, at which Lord Mersey (who was at school in Berlin 74 years ago) arrived—to his own enjoyment as well as ours.

Wednesday, May 23: Early start by car to Christ's Hospital, Horsham, where the School entertained them gaily. Evening meeting of the Regnal Circle, with an excellent discussion.

Thursday, May 24: By car to Windsor Castle; tea at Eton College.

Friday, May 25: Visit to the B.B.C. studios. Evening, a talk by George Skillan ("The Spirit of Light" in the Toc H Masque, 1925 and 1926).

Saturday, May 26: By car to Fox Hill, Reading, where Sir Hugo Hirst entertained the party

delightfully. Evening at the Royal Military Tournament.

Sunday, May 27: Boys invited out in small parties (to Brighton, Keston, Esher, etc.) by various members and friends of Toc H.

Whit-Monday, May 28: And so home.

Many things, of course, happened beyond this official programme, e.g., a most successful visit to the Battersea Continuation School, where Val Bell (Battersea) is headmaster and half the staff seem to wear Toc H buttons; the two schools, English and German, sang "against" each other with great enthusiasm. Individual boys pursued their special interests busily in the free times, e.g., several made repeated visits to East-End slums and got talking with people there about conditions; others discussed Trade Unionism at Transport House; one studied the Croydon Air Port; several met, more than once, English girls with whom they had been put in touch a year before to improve their English by correspondence, but whom they had never seen. The museums, galleries, churches, parks and shops, all, of course, claimed votaries. Most important of all, conversation and exchange of ideas between the Germans and members of Toc H, Regnal League, and others was lively and continuous.

It is not easy for us, and still harder for them, to single out of the bewildering variety of those busy days the chief impressions. One thing which struck their English guides as paradoxical at first and then as quite intelligible, was the boys' impression that we are a very military nation! Round about Regnal House they saw Guardsmen constantly passing in the streets; at Buckingham Palace they witnessed the ceremony of changing guard—and they wondered equally at the pageantry and the "usclessness" of the performance. They enjoyed it thoroughly for a reason which convinced those of us who knew pre-war Germany how much the times have changed—they had never seen a soldier in full uniform or a man on "sentry-go" before that they could remember! The contrast between the detachment in field-grey which does unobtrusive duty nowadays at President Hindenburg's residence, and the old-time double company, goosc-stepping down the Linden to the Kaiser's Palace, in white parade trousers and flashing helmets, behind music and mounted police, is indeed remarkable. And at Christ's Hospital the German boys saw English boys march, at a bugle signal, to their dinner; but, more than that, they discovered to their genuine dismay a secret dump of a thousand rifles—in the School O.T.C. Armoury! Just picture the alarums and excursions which would shake Paris and Geneva if a hundredth of that number of small arms was found in a German school!

Another very clear impression is concerned with tradition and with discipline. At every turn the German boys were puzzled, and sometimes frankly impatient, about our regard for both; we, in our turn, felt sure that they were the poorer for thinking far too little of either. "But what's the point of that?" they constantly asked. And we as constantly answered, "Because Queen Elizabeth liked it, or the Normans did it, or because it has always been so." The dignity of the Speaker's Procession into the House of Commons did impress them, but the clockwork drill of a sentry struck them as mainly comic, and the use of any words of command to a gymnastic class as out-of-date and definitely wrong in principle. They marvelled at the old-fashioned restrictions which hedge English social, political and religious life—but they admired that life in many ways all the same.

Another outstanding feature, which goes without saying to anyone who knows Germany, was their music. From the first hour of their arrival when they sang to violins and guitars outside Regnal House, they were ready at any moment with a song. They were no concert-party in the same sense as the students (Harro Jensen among them) who sang Bach so gloriously on the steps of St. Martin-in-the-Fields and along the Northumbrian Border last year. They were just average German lads with the tradition of good music in them. In this the contrast with London Toc H was interesting and quite deplorable. After they had sung half a dozen songs, spontaneously, in parts, with much "light and shade," a Toc H crowd invariably returned the compliment by roaring Rogerum with undiluted lung-power at them. They also heard very loud noises called Clementine and One Fish-ball—but that was almost the extent of our national music. When Mark I, with the help of the "Song Book," struggled gallantly through Billy Boy for their benefit, they replied immediately after by singing the same song, in English

and without books, briskly, as it ought to be sung. Meanwhile they added what we gave them to their repertoire. Fritz Krueger writes, after their return to their school: "This morning before lessons began we sang the songs we learnt in England (What shall we do with the drunken sailor, O Rogerum, Billy Boy, Clementine, etc.) to our thousand boys and girls. General enthusiasm

was the result." Memo: Toc H must take singing lessons.

It is notorious that the German sense of humour is different from ours, and therefore many Englishmen judge it to be non-existent. This hasty judgment our visitors could reverse. In their turn they were struck by the way the Englishman, whom the whole Continent knows as cold and unbending, is able to "let himself go," and they noticed particularly the Toc H trick of being naturally grave and gay in turns. They enjoyed enormously an elaborate "leg-pull" (it even appears in Dr. Sturm's official report of the visit). Mr. Bernard Shaw is, with little doubt, the most illustrious living "Englishman" to Germans, and when rumour spread that he might possibly visit them at Regnal House, the boys were on tiptoe with excitement. George Skillan was well into his talk on Drama, when "Peter Pan," the steward of the House, crept up to Donald Standfast and in a hoarse whisper announced "Mr. Shaw!" A minute later the door opened and "G.B.S." entered, with familiar beard and eccentric clothes. The boys rose to their feet fascinated. The Irishman's short speech ended, "The continued existence of England is an insult to every intelligent Irishman and a disappointment to every thoughtful German. It is almost as disappointing as the fact that I am—not Mr. Bernard Shaw." With that the hero grabbed his beard off and disclosed the familiar features of "Sinbad" of H.Q. It was some time

before laughter stopped and the meeting could proceed.

Let the Kaiser Friedrich Gymnasium itself have the last word. In letters received since the visit Dr. Sturm says, "We all left England with a sense of heartfelt gratitude for great hospitality, and a high regard for the men we got to know. Wherever we go, we shall talk about the warm reception we found, and so do all we can to strengthen feelings of friendship towards the English people." And then Herr Fritz Krueger: "The programme of our visit gave us an extraordinarily valuable insight into English life, which is in some respects so fundamentally different from ours, and yet has so many relations to it. The journey has immensely strengthened our striving to understand present-day England in the light of her history and world point of view. We shall now study your nation's culture with doubled interest, and are, above all, inspired with good will to honour the differences in national character. We are delighted to find in Toc H a fine field for the cultivation of friendship between nations, and to discover that our own efforts to promote international understanding awake interest in your wider circle. Lord Reading, in his recent visit to Berlin, confirmed this impression by laying great stress on mutual visits of the younger generation on both sides, for which he said English youth was ready. It will, therefore, be a special joy to us if we are given the chance to show as warm a hospitality to Englishmen over here as we met with everywhere in England." And, lastly, Miss Vernon, the English teacher in their school, with a first-hand knowledge of both countries, writes to the headquarters of the Friends: "I know the 'atmosphere' in which most of the Aufbau (i.e. Continuation) school boys live, and I had not dared to hope that the good will shown to them would effectively break down all barriers. Without exception, the boys are truly grateful and most happy about their experiences with English people: barriers of nationality and, more wonderful still, of class simply fell away apparently-and this for boys who theoretically have only confidence in the 'worker.' Boys who hardly spoke before are pouring out English in their enthusiasm. They entertained the whole school this morning to English songs and the whole of Neukolln (the Berlin suburb) seems to know that a Kaiser Friedrich class has been to England and had a splendid experience. The boys have made many personal friends, and are going to keep up correspondences with a view to going again later when they are earning."

For all concerned the experiment was worth while, and will surely be repeated.

## A Clerical Visit

A Secretary of the World Alliance of Churches who is a Toc H member was in charge of a party of Lutheran pastors, some of them very distinguished men, from all parts of Germany, who recently spent a week in London studying social conditions. He applied to H.Q. for a chance to show them something of Toc H, and Mark VII invited ten of them to supper and a Guest-night on June 21. Barkis talked to them about Toc H for half an hour in their own language before supper, and after it one of their number, Pastor Goehling of Brandenburg, returned a very witty and touching vote of thanks in excellent English. Pastor Goehling had the unique job during the war of German chaplain in England, charged with the visiting of his own nationals in prison camps all over the country, and, even under extraordinarily difficult conditions, he says the Toc H spirit was shown towards him by English people. Another member of the party, a pastor in Berlin, was able to help Mr. Williams, the English chaplain acting as the "opposite number" to Pastor Goehling for British prisoners in Germany: where the English chaplain was not allowed to go, he went himself, with the Anglican Prayer Book in his pocket, and conducted some unforgettable services. After supper the Germans mixed freely with Mark VII members and listened to Fr. Jellicoe describing, with lantern slides, the great housing undertaking of the Magdalen Mission in St. Pancras. A really happy evening.

# An Offer of Hospitality

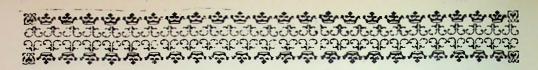
Mark VII has also arranged a very practical approach to Anglo-German understanding by offering (through the Society of Friends) to take three German students at a time into the House during the months of July and August. These new hostellers will not be asked to pay the full amount: the difference will be met by Mark VII members, so that the House will not lose. No one who has seen the first guests now in the House can doubt the happiness of this experiment. The jobmaster and another member of Mark VII. recently 'explored' parts of Germany together and a party of hostellers are taking their holiday there this summer.

# A Summer Tramp

A little party of campers and trampers is pledged to meet on German soil this August. On the English side a tiny handful of members are getting ready, and Harro Jensen is collecting his friends over there. Perhaps some foundations may be laid when Everyman and his listener sit, wet and a little footsore, together on the roadside or round the supper-table. The party will best be a small one, but any member of Toc H who may like to risk the first mistakes and joys of a modest adventure in Germany during the second half of August can, if he wishes, write at once to Barclay Baron at Headquarters. He may hear of something to the advantage of Toc H.

So there! In one breath we say grandly "Europe!"—and in the next we talk of a few odd visits and a walking-tour. Did ever a big Movement go forward to an exacting task in so haphazard a fashion? And the answer is that in hundreds of places, at home and abroad, Toc H already has planted its family through first contacts as slight as these. It is the first touch which counts, for it may quickly harden into a firm grasp of the hand. Ponder much about Europe as a field for the Toc H pilgrim, and some of the obstacles may look well-nigh insuperable: get alongside your man and the obstacles become part of the game you are playing together.

And now—what about France? It is necessary, and urgent, that someone should take the lead in that direction also. Wanted, volunteers! B. B.



# "JERUSALEM" AND "GLAD DAY"

And did those Feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!

Bring me my arrows of desire!

Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!

Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight!

Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand!

Till we have built Jerusalem

In England's green and pleasant land.

HE sixteen lines by WILLIAM BLAKE commonly known as Jerusalem\* are familiar to almost every school-child in England. Wedded to Sir Hubert Parry's splendid tune they have become a second National Anthem. On the night that the General Strike was settled in 1926, for instance, millions of "listeners-in," on tiptoe for the news that the crisis was really over, felt that the B.B.C. had a rare instinct when they followed we the commonly known as Jerusalem\*

when they followed up the announcement by a great outburst of singing: "And did those Feet in ancient time walk upon England's mountains green." No words of comment could have summed up our mood of thankfulness like that uplifting song. To us in Toc H Jernsalem is now a sure possession: it breaks out, almost spontaneously, to mark the height of every great family occasion. And yet there are many of our members to whom Blake, its author, is no more than a name.

Let us begin, very briefly, with the main facts of Blake's life—or rather with the facts of his outward life which are simple enough: the progress of his inner life is much more important and it will always remain mysterious at many points. He was a Londoner, born in Bloomsbury in 1757. His father was a fairly prosperous hosier and a devout Nonconformist. William, the third son of the family of five, had a most scanty schooling, but he took his own way of knowledge very early in life: he became, says a biographer, "at ten years of age an artist, and at twelve a poet." His parents, especially his mother, encouraged him in this.

At the age of ten he attended a drawing-school in the Strand, and began picking up engravings, fine and cheap, in salerooms. At fourteen he was apprenticed to an engraver. He was sent out to make drawings in Westminster Abbey, and in the workshop disputed hot-headedly over religious problems with his two fellow-apprentices. His great joy in these early days was to make drawings and verses to hang in his mother's room. At twenty-one, no longer an apprentice, he studied at the Royal Academy Schools and began to paint and to engrave on his own account. He also got to know famous artists, Stothard, the engraver;

\*Blake never named them so. They come out of one of his "Prophetic Books," entitled Milion. In the same year (1804) he published another "Prophetic Book," the title of which is Jerusalem.

Flaxman, the sculptor; and Fuseli, the Swiss R.A. Fuseli once said that "Blake is damned good to steal from"; and Blake later had a blazing row with Stothard and a disagreement with Flaxman on the ground that they made money out of his original ideas. Blake was a warm friend, but a violent and unmeasured opponent.

A long career as artist and poet now began, the details of which would demand more space than can be given here. In 1782 he married Catherine Boucher, the young daughter of a Battersea market-gardener. Blake taught her to read and write, and even to help him in his engraving. She, in turn, brought gifts which made their marriage a very wonderful partnership, in spite of poverty and Blake's vehement and most difficult temperament: she was a good housekeeper (and she had need to be), and unfailing from first to last in her love and service. When William had his astonishing and sometimes shattering visions, Catherine never doubted them and even learnt to catch them too. "She would get up in the night" (says a friend of theirs) "when he was under his very fierce inspirations, which were as if they would tear him asunder.... She had to sit motionless and silent, only to stay him mentally, without moving hand or foot: this for hours, and night after night." Outwardly life for them was uneventful. There were no children of the marriage—only that astonishing series of the children of William Blake's mind, at the birth of which Catherine humbly and joyfully assisted. They moved house in London several times, and once, for nearly four years, they lived in the country. This was in a tiny cottage, still standing, at Felpham, near Bognor in Sussex. On his arrival there in 1800 Blake wrote to Flaxman (calling him "dear sculptor of eternity"): "Felpham is a sweet place for study because it is more spiritual than London. Heaven opens here on all sides her golden gates; her windows are not obstructed by vapours; voices of celestial inhabitants are more distinctly heard, and their forms more distinctly seen; and my cottage is also a shadow of their houses." At Felpham he had conversations with Moses, Homer, Dante and Milton, whom he described as "all majestic shadows, grey but luminous, and superior to the common height of men." The "other world" was to Blake the most actual thing he knew; it was quite simply this world to him and the things which seem real to us were often but shadows in his eyes. No one must hope to understand Blake, unless he can appreciate that to this remarkable man "angels appear to have been as native to Sussex trees as birds, and Hebrew prophets walked on the Sussex downs as if they were in the desert." Blake was a Christian of a mystical kind for which no church could find a niche: for the last forty years of his life he attended no place of worship, but had a childlike belief in prayer. In politics he was a republican (and even wore a red cap of liberty in the street on occasion), but with a respect of his own to the King, which more "loyal" citizens found puzzling. He was wonderfully polite and gentle to high and low alike, but when roused by injustice, real or fancied, could himself be violently unjust to others. He certainly was not "easy"—for genius is apt to be an uncomfortable neighbour.

There was an enormous, sometimes a frenzied, output of work both with brush and pen, for fifty years, in sickness and health, in poverty and comparative comfort, in obscurity and occasional appreciation. When the end came in 1827, it was a triumphant example of Blake's gospel. He had lifted the veil so often,

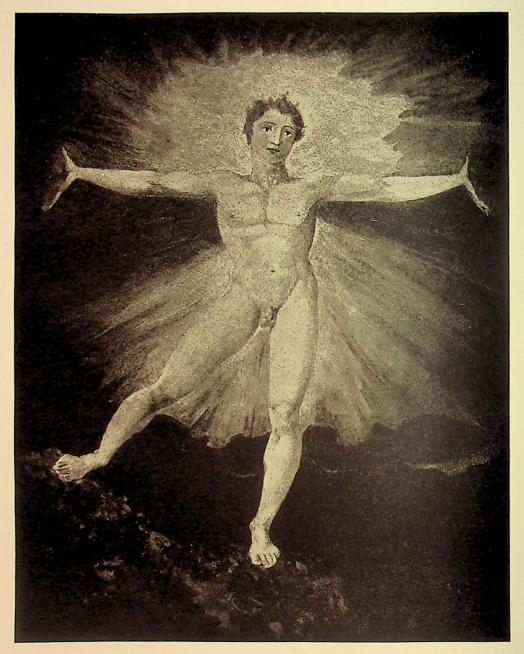
and lived so much in the "other" world, that the passing had no moment of terror for him: "I cannot think of death" (he said a year before he died) "as more than the going out of one room into another." And so when that August day, a hundred and one years ago, arrived, "he composed and uttered songs to his Maker, so sweetly to the ear of his Catherine that, when she stood near him, he, looking upon her most affectionately, said, 'My beloved, they are not mine! No, they are not mine.'" And, as another friend tells us, "he said he was going to that country he had all his life wished to see, and expressed himself happy, hoping for salvation through Jesus Christ. Just before he died his countenance became fair, his eyes brightened, and he burst out into singing of the things he saw in heaven." "Whatever be the explanation," comments Mr. Chesterton, "it is quite certain that Blake had more positive joy on his death-bed than any other of the sons of Adam."

There are always some people who say that William Blake was mad, who shrug their shoulders and pass him by. But are not most of us, in some point, a little mad? Perhaps the man who is perfectly sane (you will meet one occasionally) is just as useful, and about as exciting, as the domestic potato. William Blake had a soaring imagination; he was truly a "seer," seeing quite simply into regions beyond the every-day experience of most of us. But the obvious fact that we cannot follow him in his boldest flights seems a poor reason for dismissing him as "merely a madman." He had the very rare gift of mastery in two arts: he was equally a genius as poet and draughtsman. Rosetti was a fine painter and a good minor poet; Michelangelo wrote some noble sonnets, painted some stupendous pictures and was a sculptor unsurpassed; but everyone thinks of these two (one very talented, the other a great genius) as artists who also did some writing. With Blake it is different: you cannot decide whether he is greatest with the pen in his hand or the pencil and it is surely a waste of time to discuss the question. The great conceptions of his mind were expressed now through one art, now through the other—and often by both in combination. When Blake, for instance, wrote the beautiful, strange lines of The Book of Thel, and surrounded them on the page with beautiful, strange drawings (and, what is more, printed then together with his own hand) he is not merely a man illustrating a book. He is a man playing on two instruments at the same time in a wonderful harmony. You can indeed read The Book of Thel printed like an ordinary poem, and you can enjoy the drawings without reading the words, but if you want to apprehend the full music of Blake, you must tackle the mysterious beauty of both together, as their creator intended that you should.

Blake made no drawings, so far as we know, to accompany the lines we call Jerusalem, though he may have sung the words—as he often sang his verses in the evenings to his friends—to a curious melody of his own. Some months ago however, a Toc H member in the course of conversation with the Editor of the Journal, connected these words with a magnificent colour-print of Blake's, a copy of which they happened to be looking at together. The idea seemed worth following up a little—hence Keith Fraser's short article which follows. It is interesting to find Keith twice mentioning the name of St. Francis in connec-



WILLIAM BLAKE, POET AND ARTIST Born November 28, 1757: Died August 12, 1827 From the Portrait by T. Phillips, R.A.



"GLAD DAY," by WILLIAM BLAKE

tion with Blake. In much so strangely different, they are certainly alike in the grand fact that both felt themselves called by God to a life of tireless, agonising, joyful work, and suffered nothing to stand in the way of it. Both men were so single-hearted that they saw visions, which "saner" (i.e., duller and less devoted) men have called illusions. Both, at the last, found the gates of Death open into

Life and passed through them singing with joy.

What does Jerusalem really mean—with its "Bow of burning gold" of which we so often sing with genuine fervour? And what is the meaning of Glad Day, as Blake called the drawing before us—this strong, rosy figure of Youth striding upon the dark hills, against a background of deep brown and blue shadow, and with the golden burst of dawn round about him? Who can say? Perhaps we might call them a song about, and a picture of, "the spirit of Toc H." And what that is—in so many mere words—who can say?

B. B.

## "Glad Day": An Interpretation

" Albion rose from where he laboured at the Mill with slaves: giving himself for the

Nations he danc'd the dance of Eternal Death."

Men called mad the man that drew this design and who later added this inscription. In much the same way will men call mad many true members of Toc H. For madness means one thing to those who "labour at the Mill with slaves": it means another to those who dance.

William Blake was one of those who see the world upside down; like St. Francis, he saw how top heavy are the structures which are founded on the concrete of worldly wealth and success. Men who build thus Blake considered as "labouring with slaves": the "Mill" was to him a symbol of the Earth, earthy. Most of Blake's works are concerned with the message he had to give—a message expressed in one way in the life of St. Francis, in another by the aphorism of Nietsche that "the secret of a joyful life is to live dangerously."

Blake saw the progress of such a life as the progress from Innocence through Experience to Imagination. In the state of Innocence the mind merely registers sensations derived from outside, it delights in the beauty around but is merely static and happy, not dynamic and joyful. With Experience comes the addition of understanding, the eating of the fruit of the tree of Knowledge, and the realisa-

tion through the heart that there is sorrow and suffering.

It may be that Toc H is now passing through the state of Experience. In the beginning there was the happiness of our fellowship in its childlike beauty of Innocence. Now, with deeper understanding, doubts assail and difficulties appear, which seem to cloud the early simplicity of our family. But Blake was certain that there was no return to Innocence: the next step from Experience is to Imagination, to the creative joy which he characterised as "Jerusalem." He knew that man must create and be joyful—not merely watch and be happy.

"Bring me my bow of burning gold!

Bring me my arrows of desire!

Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!

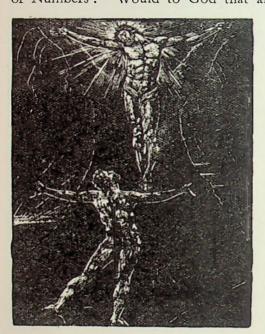
Bring me my chariot of fire!"

With the bow of the mind, the arrows of the body;\* with the spear of our hands and the chariot of inspiration, Blake would have us—

"Not cease from mental flight . . .
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land."

Each one of us, then, will fight, not to overcome a foe, but to build a city; not to gain a prize, but to make England a land of Inspiration.

William Blake added to these famous lines of his a quotation from the Book of Numbers: "Would to God that all the Lord's people were prophets"!



Those who are to build Jerusalem are to be prophets, interpreters and creative men of action, men who, arising from the material (the "mill") around them, are "giving themselves for the Nations": as Albion, they must "dance the dance of Eternal Death." Now to Blake, Death without Resurrection was unthinkable - so Eternal Death is Eternal Resurrection; and eternal sacrifice, which is a living joy, a dance. In this design of Glad Day Albion is such a man; rising from the mill he spreads his arms as a token of eternal sacrifice. † He is a man on whose body is the silver of corporal strength, round whose head is the "burning gold" of "mental strife," and with whom is the fire of inspiration.

Some of us in Toc H would "build Jerusalem" with our "arrows of desire" (our bodily strength) alone, and others only with our "bow of burning gold"

K.F.

(the faculties of the mind) to help us in the fight. Blake was sure that mere happy fellowship is not enough. Understanding is static—it does not move; but the spirit of Toc H must move and create. Blake knew—and here tells us—that all our implements are needed to build Jerusalem, and that the success of the fight lies in the combination of mind, body and spirit, all striving together not to subdue each other, but to work for the common object of creative life.

Note: In all translations changes of sense are bound to appear—above all in the translation of a poem or a painting into prose. An interpretation like the above is, at best, only an hypothesis, and many who are more learned will disagree with it.

· See An Introduction to the Study of Blake by Max Plowman (Dent).

<sup>†</sup> This is made still clearer by another drawing, here reproduced, which Blake made for the Book Jerusalem in 1804, the same year as he wrote the lines we call Jerusalem. Beneath the standing figure he wrote the name Albion—and it is indeed the same figure as in Glad Day, only turned about and looking upwards to Eternal Sacrifice.—ED.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES' ENDOWMENT FUND

HE most important development in connection with the Fund during the past two months has been the preliminary results of what is known as "Toc H in Training." (See June Journal, p. 245.) It was urged many months ago that, while there had been a number of most generous donations to the Fund (many of them anonymous) from individual members of Toc H, we had not actually received the full measure of support from branches and groups throughout the country which enabled us to tell the general public that Toc H itself was straining every nerve to complete the Fund. In these circumstances it was decided to circulate every Branch and Group in the country with a suggestion that the membership should "go into training" for a week: (1) by denying themselves all luxuries for the Fund; (2) by asking their friends to subscribe; and (3) by selling copies of the Toc H Annual Gallant Adventure (2s. 6d.) Three hundred and seventy units of Toc H (of which 140 are Branches and 230 are Groups) were circulated to this effect. We received official notifications from 163 of these that they were adopting the scheme, but actual returns from 28 Groups that gave us no notification show that the number who have gone, or are going, into training will reach a higher percentage.

It is quite clear from the correspondence that there is still a very large number of members of Toc H who do not understand the Endowment Fund, but are perfectly willing to help when once they realise what it is all about. I had a most interesting experience early in July in attending a week-end camp at Dawlish, where some sixty members of Toc H from eight or nine different Branches and Groups in the West country were present. We had a long and most friendly discussion on the Saturday evening, in which quite a large number took part. The upshot was that many members of Toc H in the West country now understand the real purpose of the Endowment Fund a great deal better than they did, and I have every reason to suppose that it will secure a great deal more individual support than it has done previously. Dawlish was a pleasant experience which I would willingly repeat in other parts of the country whenever it may be possible to get together a goodly sprinkling of members from a number of different Branches and Groups. I am quite sure that frank discussions of this nature are much more

valuable than any amount of correspondence.

We have been asked whether we can indicate the amount of money which each Branch and Group should produce. This is a most difficult question to answer, because it depends not only on the membership, but also on the financial resources both of themselves and their friends. I have every reason to know that some of the smallest subscriptions we have received represent the most acute sacrifice. On the other hand, the question must be answered. From a mathematical point of view we want to get £100 from each Branch and £40 from each Group. That is an average. In this connection I ought, without desiring to draw any comparisons, to record the magnificent effort of a Branch in London, who have sent us from themselves and their friends, £302 14s. 4d., with more to come, and from a small, new Group in the Home Counties, who have already raised £134 17s. In each case the circulation of subscription lists with the personal help of members has accounted for a good deal of it. Until every member of Toc H becomes an "Appeal Director" in his own locality we cannot hope to complete the Fund. At the present moment "Toc H in Training" (including the sale of the Annuals) has produced nearly £2,000, and the total of the Fund is nearly £34,000.

Messrs. James Shoolbred and Co. gave us one of their main windows in June for a Toc H display, including the original oil painting of H.R.H. the Patron (which formed the frontispiece of Gallant Adventure), for which they presented a very fine frame. We are inviting the cooperation of Toc H in different parts of the country in obtaining a similar window display (including the portrait). Details will appear in the October Journal. Already provisional arrangements have been made at Eastbourne, Plymouth, Yarmouth, Manchester and Sheffield.

E. A. BELCHER, Appeal Director.

## WESTWARD HO!

Toc H members who met "Ludo" (Sir Ludovic Porter, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.) will not need to be told of the genial charm which he exercised on all sorts and conditions of people with whom he come in contact. There are some members who owe much to his kindness, and a few others who were privileged to see into the deepest side of his nature. On March 1 he passed over to the Elder Brethren (see April Journal, pp. 137-138), leaving behind him a very distinguished record of thirty-five years of public service in India, and, for Toc H, the fruits of eight months' work as Eastern Secretary, laying the foundations of an essential job of friendship towards youngsters going out East. Almost the first experience of Toc H which Ludo had was being snatched away, with a characteristic impulsiveness, by Tubby on a tour by car to the Branches and Groups in the West Country. David Hoare, at that time Tubby's 'A.D.C.' at All Hallows, accompanied them. On his return Ludo confessed that he had lost, not only many pounds weight from restless travel, but his whole heart to Toc H. At All Hallows Porch Room, where he was at once installed with a corner to himself, he dictated some notes on this early experience, a single copy of which, dated October 10, has survived among his papers. It is not known for what purpose Ludo intended his notes, but, though he probably had no thoughts of their appearance in print, we may be certain that he would raise but a laughing protest against their being laid before the eyes of the Toc H family he loved.—ED.



HE following is a brief and veracious account of a joyous adventure undertaken by David Hoare and Ludo Porter under the direction of Tubby, who himself was at the wheel throughout the six hundred miles or more. We started from All Hallows, approximately one day and three hours late, in a cloud of dust and telegrams. The

luggage was beautifully packed behind by the Gen, who said it reminded him of old days in France when he was looking after Tubby.

Our first halting-place was Cirencester, a beautiful old Gloucestershire town with a church built in the days when the wool merchants were the biggest people in England and put a good deal of their money into building these magnificent churches, which are really almost cathedrals. Tubby went to reside at the Great House: David and I retired to the Inn, which was not only more suitable to our condition, but to our taste! The first morning Tubby preached on Toc H; and we think even the somewhat bucolic congregation must have been considerably moved. He took as his text—apparently at a last moment's inspiration—the description of the king seeing Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego walking in the furnace with the fourth man whose form was like the Son of God. As he developed his theme he explained that Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were the three boys of differing classes, the Public School boy, the non-commissioned officer, and the working boy, who had now come together with the Fourth.

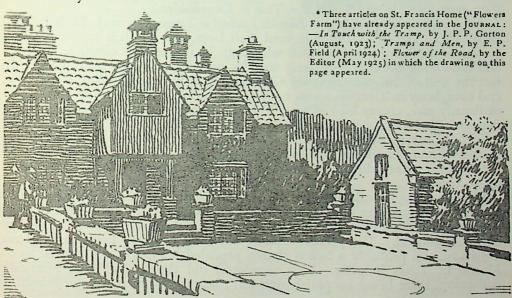
We met Apsley (Lord Apsley, Southampton) at Circnester, who is well known in Australia where he went out with his wife in order to get to know and

understand the life of that country.

The next day (Monday) we meandered about the country the whole morning. Tubby discovered a perfectly wonderful Saxon church complete with crypt, in which probably the saint who converted that part of the country to Christianity was originally buried. To his and our own dismay we found this crypt

being used as a coal cellar. The name of this extraordinarily interesting little church is B— and anyone visiting Gloucestershire ought to go and see it. We proceeded via Telbury, where there was some marvellously good cider for lunch, to Wells where we had tea in the Dean's house; and by the time we had seen over the Cathedral it was nearly dark, and our chances of getting some thirty miles along an unknown road to our destination were finally dashed by Tubby driving through a young lake, the waters of which rose over the car—to our great amusement, but not his! We had to stop most unwillingly at Yeovil for the night, as we had intended to go and sleep at the St. Francis Home near Batcombe.\* We went on there in the morning and had a most wonderful experience.

The head of the Home is Brother Douglas who can best be described as a reincarnation of St. Francis of Assisi. He and the other two Brothers have given up everything to work for, and live with, Down-and-Outers, tramps of all descriptions, who are taken in, fed, and given good work as gardeners, weavers, printers, etc.; and when their health and self-respect are more or less restored they often go out and make good again. They live on a farm in the heart of the country, five miles from the main road, approached by a water splash, with the most beautiful surroundings and in charming old-world buildings; no more ideal place could be imagined for tired and broken men. Brother Douglas' only complaint is that he cannot spend his life tramping the roads and living with these men and sending them to be looked after at his Home by his fellow-workers. He had just come in from a visit to the hop-fields in Worcestershire, where he had as his helper a younger fellow, a member of Toc H, who had been in the Indian Army.



In the afternoon we went to Sherborne School, where Tubby talked to the boys; and we saw the beautiful old Abbey. Later in the afternoon there was a Group Service at the Parish Church at Yeovil, and in the evening a most cheery meeting of Toc H members from far and wide in Somersetshire and Dorsetshire. Tubby made his usual wonderful address—thinking aloud. The unfortunate Ludo was then put on his legs with instructions to tell his Tiger story, which, although entirely veracious, seemed to amuse them. The story in the best Devon which followed was not, unfortunately, understood by the benighted dwellers in Somerset, although they laughed politely.

We spent that night with some old friends, Colonel Hutchinson and his wife. Tubby recalled the story of the Colonel who after the service had been concluded in the usual way with the prayer for the "Peace of God," habitually instructed his battery to fire ten rounds on Kitchener's Wood! One very pleasant recollection of this evening and morning was a ham, the product of a home-fed pig who

had been known in the family as "Mary" until she was killed.

Next day we went on into Devon. It has not been mentioned that "Ludo" is Devonian on both sides. His fellow-travellers stated, without any real foundation, that he became more blatant and insulting the nearer he got to his beastly county; at any rate when we crossed the border Tubby and David emerged from the motor and crawled over on their hands and knees as a fitting mark of respect! This practice was always observed by Tubby when crossing frontiers with Cecil Rushton,\* and had once nearly got them shot by the Frontier Guard. On this occasion it had no worse effect than nearly frightening to death a fat lady and idiot child who emerged from a neighbouring cottage, the lady saying: "What be

they gurt fules duing!" (N.B.—This is Devonshire.)

About noon we fetched up at Blundell's School at Tiverton, a very old foundation to which all Devon men used to send their boys, and which is still flourishing. It was founded by Peter Blundell who dealt in Devonshire cloths at Tiverton and must have been an immensely wealthy man for his date—about 1600. In fact the will of this contemporary Courtauld is about two hundred pages long, and everybody in Tiverton seems to have got his bit. The boys were an extraordinarily nice, cheery lot and gave Tubby a great reception. This was largely due to the fact that a member of Toc H, Captain Hotblack, is an example of all that a School Correspondent should be, and that the boys were in consequence immensely interested through all that they had heard before we called there. In the evening, after calling on a very enthusiastic member at Honiton, we fetched up at Exeter.

Here is a very flourishing Branch of Toc H, and we started proceedings by Service in the evening held by the Branch Padre in St. Martin's Church. This is one of the oldest churches in Exeter, in Cathedral Yard almost in the shadow of the Cathedral. The present church was built certainly between 1000 and 1050 A.D., and probably a Saxon church preceded it: it was consecrated to St. Martin of Tours in 1060. This wonderful old church had been practically collapsing, there being no parishoners left; but the Secretary of the Branch of

<sup>\*</sup> See Tubby's article. A Man Greatly Beloved, in August Journal, 1927.

Toc H, who was churchwarden, persuaded the authorities to make the church building over for use by Toc H as a chapel. They are quite a small Branch, but they have already succeeded in reroofing the church and putting it into absolutely safe condition, and they are now setting about repairing the tower. It was an extraordinary experience for a new member to hear the beautiful Toc H prayers and litany in this centuries' old church; and afterwards there was a most enthusiastic and interesting meeting, when Tubby was again at his best.

The story told by a visitor, a London member of Toc H, sticks in the memory. They had clubbed together to give a children's show and tea in Bermondsey, and they noticed one small child pretending to eat cake after cake and then hiding what was left after merely nibbling at it. When the children were going away

she made her way to a skylight and handed out her cakes to somebody outside, who was discovered to be a small and very ragged boy without boots whom she said, when asked, was her brother—a strong instance of self-sacrifice. Ludo was again put on his legs, and this time managed to tell two Devon stories to a thoroughly appreciative audience who really understood them.

Next morning Tubby celebrated in the same old church at 7 o'clock; and during the morning we went to Exeter School and addressed an extraordinarily nice lot of youngsters, and afterwards saw the elder boys. In the afternoon we went up the beautiful valley of the Teign and through Moreton Hampstead to Yelverton on the other side, north of Plymouth. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the moor on this afternoon; the road goes up to over 1,200 feet, and the views over Dartmoor go for miles in every direction, either up to Exmoor in the north, or towards Start Point in the South. Tubby's car "purred



St. Martin's Church and "Moll's Coffee House,"

Exeter.

noiselessly up the hills" as they say in dime novels, and Tubby himself purred with satisfaction. In the evening we went on to *Plymouth*, where there was a large meeting, including many non-members who were interested and had come to listen.

Next day we started off for *Penzance*. On crossing the Cornish border over the Tamar, Ludo was ordered to get out and crawl; but, as at least two villagers were looking on, he was too much of a snob to do it; so his hat was removed and placed in the centre of the bridge and the motor driven over it with extreme accuracy. The Cornish are a silent folk and said nothing; but they must have

thought a good deal. The chief beauty of Cornwall is in the sea coast, and we found the journey through the middle of the inland rather dull, though there was a lovely old church with a 12th century tower at Lostwithiel; and the view from the bay approaching Penzance over St. Michael's Mount, an islet in the sea with an old castle on top, is very lovely. At Penzance Tubby addressed a meeting of the Y.M.C.A. in the afternoon and brought out very clearly—and obviously to the great satisfaction of the meeting—the fact that Toc H is in no way a rival to any institution, and especially works in with the Y.M.C.A. in many countries, each presenting different features but working in complete harmony.

We then proceeded to a Girls' High School, an entirely different experience in which David excelled and was received with great favour by his audience, partly no doubt owing to his youth, also to the fact that when he got on his legs he stated that he must ask for forgiveness as he had entirely forgotten to bring the bag containing all the tracts! We were not sure how the Headmistress would receive the naive confession, but she unbent!

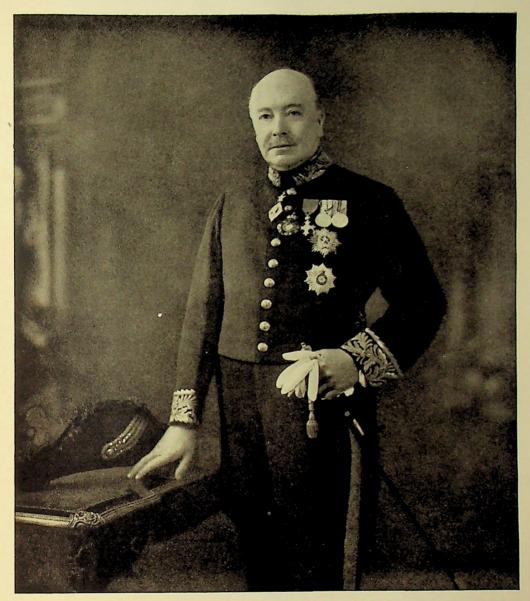
In the evening there was a meeting of the Toc H Branch, the members of which were somewhat older than we had seen hitherto, but obviously the very best stuff; and with the few hints which they received from Tubby there is no doubt that they will be an extremely flourishing Branch. The rest of the party by now had become more or less dithering from fatigue, but Tubby carried the thing through; not only spoke to them, but led them in song and taught them two northern catches.

Afterwards we went on to Land's End where we arrived very late and had a glorious night, blown upon by every wind of heaven; it was like being on a ship without the unpleasant motion. This left us exactly one day to get from Penzance to London, 300 miles. We were due to lunch with the Admiral, Sir Rudolph Bentinck, who lives at Plymouth, and when we got back to Penzance we sent David on by train and the other two of us meandered very happily and talkatively back through Cornwall. It was lucky we had sent on this advance party as we arrived for lunch at 5 p.m.!

Matters now became serious as Tubby had to preach at All Hallows next day. So we took him a sleeper in the midnight express from Plymouth, and David and Ludo started off on their own. The owner of the car was feeling the deepest apprehension and distress at parting from his beloved Bean, but there were no accidents. David drove the car as to the manner born, Ludo being completely helpless at anything to do with machinery—though he still fancies he can manage a horse. We spent a very happy evening at David's home at Basingstoke, and so to London.

This is a rather frivolous description perhaps; but at any rate this tour in Tubby's company has brought home to one new member the extraordinary variety, interest, and vitality of Toc H work, and has taught him more than many pamphlets.

L. P.



Photograph by Bassano.

ges haly Ludovi Portin



Photograph by Les Abdy (H.Q.)
THE STAFF CONFERENCE IS HARD WORK

## PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF PERCIVAL PEPYS

Percival Pers was a new-comer to the Headquarters staff of Toc II: he joined it on a significant date—April 1. Two fatts about him roused the Editor's suspicions—his former connection with the Royal Navy and his habit of surreptitious writing. He therefore taxed Percival one day with being a descendant of that famous Samuel who was not only only King Charles II.'s Secretary of the Navy but the most famous secret diarist of all times, and of Samuel Pers, Junior, who in 1916 and 1917, published A Diary of the Great Wart. Percival blushed and owned up: what is more, he has allowed some specimens of his family vice, a personal diary, to be given to the eyes of his fellow-members.—Ed.

Dec. 1927. Recently to arrive in this countrie of fog and snow from the sunshine of Southern Africk, and at once to be seized of such a sneizic rhume as to make life well-nigh intolerable, but glad of heart to see the lights of London once more. By chance to visit Toc H its headquarters, and there to see one Colonel Grant (a man fierce to look on but of kind heart and of a smart civil appearance withall, but something marred by a bowler hatt of uncertain age). And so by appointment to go with him to a House strangely named Mark I, and to laugh very hearty to hear the Editor of the Punch journall talk to a large gathering. During this evening, amongst other good matters, I find how Toc H would fain compass the overcoming of pride of place, which aim doth weightily please me, having suffered grievously in times past from the haughty airs of such as wore brass hatts.

Feb. 1928. To return to the Town, after a most miserable mo. spent in the countrie, where all my limbs and bodie to be freezed and racked with the cold, with intent to enquire further of this matter of Toc H. And so to proceed for a short while to take residence in the Mark VII House, where much of interest, being put to sleep in a chamber beside three young men and two of these very restless spirits. All peaceful for two nights in our room, but after that period they did make my life all a torment by reason of riots, and applepye beds, and sundry devilments of the young. Upon my leaving the House and so being safe from such tortures, I did return one day when the House was empty by reason of all being at their daily toile, and was mighty glad to be revenged upon my young friends. And so home well pleased.

March. Into the West Countrie, with Les Abdie, in my new motor coach of which mightie proud, but being so distrackted with the great traffick that my language to come at times out of control, thereupon to stopp and buy Les corks for his ears. A merrie journie with much discussion upon religion and divers other matters, by which much good to both of us. Upon return some indeed did remark me less worldly than at the start, but Les Abdie something less holy; this latter, if it be truly as they said, I should account a sad happening and myself

blameworthy.

April Fooles' Day. This day to be received upon the staff of Toc H to learn about its affairs more nearly. So to go betimes to the Headquarters, where I did diligently read and listen to the writing of letters, some of which mighty strange, as when the Generall Secretary, being invited by a lady to drink tea with her and bring his own mug, did dictate in answer that he would come

gladly, but as to the mug he had none save that in which he kept his teeth. Whereat I did laugh hearty, but Robert, his writer, to be much put about.

I find very shortly that everyone must submit to be nicknamed, and so I did smile with the best grace ever I could when called "Sinbadd" (by reason of having been in His Majesty's shipps), for methinks this is better than the name "Eyebrowes" which I had feared. Above all, my being no "Sea lawyer," I do find the business of publick talking most irksome, and when I must stand upon my feet I do become as if dumb allmost, but I pray this become easier anon. For example, when entreated one night by the young men to give an earnest judgement whether the White Races shall continue to lord it over the blackamoors in Africk or no, I did find myself catcht unawares and without answer, but instead fell to wondering aloud whether some of the white men shall not in the end find more difficulty in getting of their trousers over a tail than of a shirt over their wings. And so to pray for inspiration and a readier judgement in many of these vexing problems.

April 10. I am purposed privily to sett down my comings and goings in the work of Toc H, but I would not on my life that they fall under the eye of my Lord the High Hon. Administratour, to whom I have more awe than to any man, not being an Admirall of the Fleet. Recently to go to a Festivall at Maidstone in Kent, where all worshipped in the churche together, and after did go to a dinner in the town, mighty fine, and to be very merrie. But being called upon to speak, my tonge to run away with me allmost and scarce to know when to stopp—but that by reason of happinesse in the good company rather than the white wine. Present Worshipfull Mr. Mayor and other high dignitaries, as well ecclesiasticall as civil, who all before the end would join the Toc H brotherhood. And not only them, but also the keeper of the inn to join. And so to bed, with a hot water-bottle from my worthy host, the weather being turned mightie cold again, and all well pleased.

Next day to journey to Preston Hall to see a young Groupe of our men new formed among those of the British Legion gathered at the Hall for curing of their sicknesse, which Groupe did make me most welcome amongst them. And soe in the evening to sit round a great fire and to tell them marvellous things of the orange groves in Natall, and to wish that some sunshine out of that countrie could be brought to these sicke men in place of our own queezy fog and wind. Afterwards I did lay and sleepe all the night upon a fine couch before the fire. So to rise early betimes with intent to take my motor coach to London again, which, grown stubborn with waiting in the cold, was minded not to be started up in the engine for all my persuasion. And so, after first exhausting the electrical battery with no good success, and next winding of the handle untill the eyes in my head did stand forward like organ stopps, nothing would avail except the sicke men of the Hospitall should push me in the coach upon the road to London. So to continue my journey, feeling first madd and then mighty foolishe, but worst perhaps because of the poor sicke men who did push me, and I pray they be none the more ill for it.

April 21. To attend the meeting of the Council in London, and to hear weighty discussion on both sides of an exceedingly grave matter touching who shall be Padres or Chaplaines of Toc H. I did find myself at first, as I am persuaded some others were, of an open mind in this matter, and to be swayed now for and now against what was to be resolved. But more and more to feel that what the Executive had resolved was the only right opinion; and at last Tubby to speak with such great feeling as to bring a lump into my throat allmost. At the last scarce any were found to vote against his motion, which did make me mighty content. And so to the play (very late), and to laugh very hearty at the anticks of Mr. Robey, I being that night of good heart to know that surely no harm shall come to Toc H, which I love well, after such a meeting so fairly carried through.

May. To go with the Generall Secretary a short while since on a Toc H journey into the North Countrie of England and Wales, and to travel to my discontent in the Generall Secretary his motor coach, and so to thank God for a safe return. At 8 of the clock on a Wednesday evening we did start with intent to reach Strattford in Warwickshire before 10 of night, but with severall delays. And first this befel us in stepping into the coach, that there was a paper fastened upon the inner surface of the wind screene which boldly said, so that all passing by could read of it, Neptune Patent Screen Wiper, will remove that Purple Language fog. And this, methinks, was done by one who had journeyed in my own coach with me, though I cannot tell certainly who. A poor joke which did make me a little madd for thinking that perhaps the ladds in our office to remarke the nonsense and to giggle behind their hands. Which, with much care being clean wiped off, we did drive furiously through the traffick and with such a rattling and roaring of doors and screens that my heart to slip out of my mouth allmost, and only saved by my teeth being close shut with affright. On night descending upon us we made to switch up the hedde-lights, which do illuminate the sky mightie well as also sign-posts, but of the road little seen; and so to my great content to moderate our speed. Upon nearing midnight of the clock we did come upon a sign-post upon which the names not familiar, and fearing to be lost did retrace our stepps some 10 or more miles until a poste with "Strattford" be found, and so once more to follow the road rejoicing. But after much travel, we did come again to the first poste, only approacht from a different point of the compass, and on this I did laugh very hearty but Colonel Grant madd. After this great delay and much asking of the natives in that place we came very late to Strattford and so slept, but on waking I did find the vegetable salts to be left behind out of my baggage. And so to breakfast, and with great difficulty "to love widely" owing to this mishap. On the following night to rest at Colwyn Bay in a most sumptuous house, and with such a regiment of salts and scents for my bath, that on coming to the bed which I did share with Col. Grant that night, he well-nigh stifled. All this night I do maintain that I had no wink of sleep by reason of the Col. his restless tossing about, but he will have it that my snoring hindered him from closing his eyes, which I doubt.

And so to continue our journey to St. Helens, which place I conceived before

to be in the Isle-of-White, and there entertained by Toc H at an exceedingly joyful meeting, so that I saw Toc H to be a rare ray of sunshine in a dark town. But from St. Helens to Harrogate to a school for young ladies where I must, said the Col., remain the week-end; and this caused me to travel with a faint heart, having by nature great awe of women in generall, and especially in that this is Leape Year, so that on arrival I had fretted myself into a pretty toss. But all my fears groundless and very quick dispelled by our warm welcome and merrie week-end. I did find girls to be mightie like boys and full of tricks and drolleries, so that I was sorrie to leave them. Howbeit my brother officers out of the King's shipps must never hear of my stopping in such a place, as I know they would make me cold down the back by their laughing at it.

And so to visit in turn many of the Branches and Groupes of Toc H about the North Countrie, and at times to find the language spoken hard to be understood, but the hearts of all mighty warm and they entertained us as true friends, which indeed all are in Toc H. And so safely back to London, much shaken and cramped with the confinements of the motor-coach, but of good cheer having spent as happy a week as ever I remember. The way this business of Toc H do grow upon a man's mind is a thing oft remarked and nevertheless to be marvelled at.

P. PEPYS.

## THE BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL, December 8-9, 1928

HE Thirteenth Festival of the Birthday of Talbot House will be held in London on December 8-9 this year.

1. PROGRAMME (Provisional).

Saturday, December 8: 5 p.m., Thanksgiving in Westminster Abbey and St. Margaret's, Westminster; 6 p.m.—High tea; 8 p.m.—Family Guest-night in the Royal Albert Hall, including a Pageant and the ceremony of Light.

Sunday, December 9: Morning—Communion Services. Visiting Marks, etc.; 1 p.m.—

Lunch; 2 p.m.—Family gathering; 4.30 p.m.—Tea.

2. BILLETS.

Billets will be provided, free of charge, as usual for visiting members who apply for them.
3. Charge.

All members attending the Festival will be asked to pay 2s. This sum will not, of course, cover the cost, and additional contributions to the Birthday Fund will be welcomed.

4. VISITORS.

Accommodation in Westminster Abbey does not allow of any non-members being admitted, but members and their friends will be able to take part in the services held simultaneously at

St. Margaret's and, if need be, at another church in Westminster.

In the Albert Hall the number of visitors must be strictly limited this year. To provide an opportunity for the general public and for members' friends (especially those in and near London) who are unable to secure seats for the Guest-night on December 8, another performance of the Pageant will be given on Wednesday evening, December 12 (Tubby's birthday) at the Albert Hall. The prices of seats for this performance will vary according to position.

5. RETURNS.

Secretaries will be asked to make returns (with payments) for tickets required for their members by November 20. On that date allocations of seats, etc., will be made, and any subsequent returns received after that date will be dealt with as, and if, there is space available.

BIRTHDAY SECRETARY.

### THE BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL OF TOC H AUSTRALIA

The June Link contains an account of the Birthday Festival ceremony held in Melbourne on May 4-6, written by "Don" Cleland (General Secretary, West Australia), which we reprint in full.—Ed.

SATURDAY morning—an empty Town Hall. Early afternoon saw a small body of men moving in that Hall. They were rehearsing for the pageant of Banners and Lights that evening. How few we were in that Hall! How some of us wondered just what the evening would bring forth! That afternoon there was an eeric emptiness, a coldness pervading that new and beautiful civic Hall.

As the afternoon wore on all the minds turned more and more to the evening Festival. Half-past six saw that handful of men again rehearsing and finalising the part they were to play.

It is almost seven o'clock as the doors open to admit the crowd which has been gathering for over half an hour. In a very short time every seat, to the number of 3,500, is filled. The Banner, Lamp and Rushlight bearers are grouped on the left and right front of the side seats; behind, the vast gathering of fellow Toc H-ers, their families and friends and hundreds who have but a vague conception of what Toc H really is. These hundreds are there in their curiosity to seek and to learn. A battle of voices, the rustle of programmes; no one atmosphere predominates the whole, unless it is one of expectancy.

The band enters—the rustle ceases as the musical strains radiate throughout the Hall. There is a change in the air. Song bursts forth first from the right and left fronts, then from the main floor of the Hall and then the galleries. The volume of voices is magnificent. It banishes completely any feeling of disunitedness that might seem to have been present in that large and diverse assemblage. The song leads the way to those 3,500 hearts becoming as one, for truly there is—

"A friend on the left and a friend on the right

Viva la Compagnie,

In love and good fellowship let us unite

Viva la Compagnie."

Such is the spirit of the first half hour. These thousands brought to the Centre by the sheer compulsion of their curiosity find themselves as one with the Family in song and in the united effort which the singing connotes.

So the time goes on. A white handkerchief waves; follow the opening bars of the National Anthem. The gathering arises in silence as the Vice-Regal Party enter and take up their positions. The band finishes; the rustle of chairs and programmes ceases: all await with hushed expectancy.

His Excellency Lord Somers is the first to speak, reading numerous telegrams of good wishes and then making a stirring appeal to the great audience. He is followed by Sir Harry Chauvel. Then silence, broken at last by the strident notes of the "Fall-in" sounding throughout the Hall. Expectancy gives way to a certainty that now the real spirit of Toc H is moving, unseen but not unfelt.

A preliminary bustle, a few quiet orders and the Banner, Lamp and Rushlight bearers are ready to take their part. They move from behind the stage. The gathering sees them enter as they join in the singing of the Battle Hymn. These symbols of Toc H are borne with precision—with proud precision. They take up their positions on the stage, the Lamp and Rushlight Bearers to the right and left of the Patron. Behind them on the raised dais the Banners of the fighting units of the Family stand resplendent in their colours and dignity.

The stage is set. The Battle Hymn gives away to soft strains which seem scarcely to break the tense silence of the eagerly awaiting Family. A side door opens. All eyes turn left, focused on the small procession ushering in the Forster Lamp borne by His Excellency Sir William Campion.

The young Guard precede the Lamp, the Old Guard follow, and behind them again are the

Guards of the Lamp.

As the Lamp is borne to the centre of the stage not a sound is heard. In upon the silence comes the voice of SIR WILLIAM CAMPION in deep feeling and sincerity as he delivers the Lamp to the Patron. Thus he speaks: "This is the Forster Lamp, the Parent Lamp of Toc H Australia, from which all Lamps and Rushlights are lit. Representatives of the two Australian Groups to achieve Branch status this year are present with us this evening, with their newly awarded Lamps of Maintenance. I would therefore beg of Your Excellency to light them in our name, from this flame that goes not out among us—the living memorial of These our Brethren who by laying down their lives in the cause of humanity, have kindled anew in the heart of every man the embers of the undying fire." As he finishes, the lights of the hall are lowered. The Guards move forward and, receiving a taper lit from the Parent Lamp, move along the Lamps and Rushlights, kindling them anew from the Parent Flame.

From out the silence the voice of the Convener of the Guard summons the bearers of the two new Lamps for Melbourne and Guildford Branches to come forth. In deep silence and in the light of those other Lamps and Rushlights these two Lamps are lit by the Patron from the

Forster Lamp, and so received into the Family.

Silence pervades the Hall—all in darkness save for the flames of Remembrance burning steadily behind the Parent Lamp. In reverence, solemn and sincere, the great gathering of all classes and creeds remembers the Elder Brethren—a memory which must be poignant and apparent, as in deep and sincere tones the members pledge themselves, "We will remember them."

Thus Grand Light. From community singing the crowd has passed to a stage of listening humbly to our story, and now by the sheer simplicity of our ceremonial they have become

thoughtful—realising perhaps that after all here is something simple and yet great.

Lights are turned on once more and now the Bishop of Bathurst (HORACE CROTTY) is speaking—speaking and carrying his hearers with him. The adventure of Toc H, its Christian basis, all are shown. As the Bishop flies on the wings of eloquence, so that eloquence draws with it every listener. As he ends, all who have heard him have a deeper and clearer conception of Toc H and its quest.

And now, in consummation of that Grand Remembrance, the band is leading the vast multitude

of voices:

"O valiant hearts who to your glory came, Through dust of conflict and through battle flame; Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved, Your memory hallowed in the land you loved."

The hymn ends, again the lights are lowered: alone in the Hall shines the Forster Lamp: silence prevails. In a voice full of reverence and love Padre Jackson leads in Family Prayers and thus ends a memorable and historic evening. The cold eeriness of the afternoon has gone: a new spirit is abroad.

That evening gave to all a new feeling that was apparent in our conferences, in our councils and in our personal contacts. We had all met on common ground: let us keep that common

ground. Let us go ahead this year with hope and courage.

That evening was, too, a gesture from one State to another; from State to the Federal body. It was a gesture of a united front and well might we all, for the coming year, pledge ourselves to give ourselves, our prayers and our endeavours, to the fashioning of a Commonwealth of Toc H within this Commonwealth in and to which we all belong.

D. M. C.

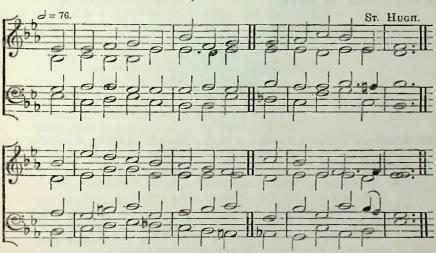
Note.—The June Link also contains a four-page report of the Australian Birthday Conference, etc.

## THE PICK OF THE BUNCH

or, A Basketful of Verses, grave and gay, from various hands, mostly of Toc H members



A Grace for Toc H Meals



O God, Who gives our daily bread,
Come down and bless our board.
As brothers we are gathered
—Come down and bless us, Lord.

Grant us Thy grace to do Thy will,
Thy strength to wage Thy fight.
O guide us all the day and still
Be with us through the night.

DONALD COX.

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## "In Lumine Tuo videbimus Lumen."

## I. The Chapel of the Lamp of Maintenance.

MR. LAURENCE BINYON, whose verse "They shall grow not old. . ." has become the best known saying in Toe H, contributed the following poem on the Lamp at All Hallows to Gallant Adventure, the Toc H Annual for 1928, whence we take them by permission.

T

HE flame upon the Altar lives
In its own home of Light
apart,

And yet it shines on secret tears
And in the darkness of the

More real than any world of ours
Is that still Presence of the Light,
Happy are they who harbour there,
Happy, who keep it whole in sight.

How still, amid our noise and fret, It burns and trembles and aspires, Drawing our spirits from the cloud And aching of our old desires. The young-eyed spirits, whom we knew, Who smiled, and whom we called by name,

Who went in their own faith to die,

Are flames within that trembling flame.

Now all the corners of the earth

Look on them where so clear they
shine,

A single glory, a radiant fire, By day and night a silent sign.

O dear, untroubled, happy Dead,
Comrades eternal, now and here,
When most we falter in our fight,
When most we fail you, be you near.
LAURENCE BINYON.



## "Light!"

A Public Schoolboy, witnessing the Ceremony of Light at Mark XI, Leicester, one night last Autumn, was moved to write this Sonnet.

THE eerie greyness of an Autumn moon,
Shedding on silent forms its silver stain;
A fleeting thought, that flits across the brain
Like the remembrance of a far-off tune;
A hand that holds a flick'ring flame to light
The Lamp, that burns as hearts before have burned
For those who went away and ne'er return'd
From those unfathomable realms of night,
Whence none again shall come—Can we forget?
Within an hour the sands of Time were spill'd,
And shattered were the lives they hoped to build—
Almighty God, can we repay the debt?
The burning stream of War they strove to stem
With their frail strength—We will remember them.

W. M. A.

### Afterward

These verses (based on St. Mark, XVI.) are by the author of "The Chapel" ("Here is a quiet room"), contributed to the 58th Divisional Magazine, The Direct Hit, after a visit to the Old House at Poperinghe, reprinted in Tales of Talbot House, and now known to Toc H everywhere.

As the slow day was dawning
They came, the tired eyed,
Three women who were mourning
Their King—the Crucified;
And found Him near, their woe to cheer,
The Gardener, their Guide.

Two men who walked together
Along the country road,
All in the springtime weather
When mild airs were abroad—
He walked with them, and talked with them,
The risen Son of God.

Within the room at even,
Obedient to His word,
Were gathered the eleven,
Around the common board:
He met with them, and ate with them,
Jesus, their Risen Lord.

Where man meets man as brother,
Or stays some woe to tend,
He still shall find another
Guide, Comforter and Friend,
To pray with him, and stay with him,
And help him to the end.

DONALD COX (Highgate).

## THE STATE OF THE S

Not as Many, but as One

OT of mine own, would'st Thou that I should give,
My Lord, my Saviour—but my very self!
In separation I have striven to live,
And, for my all, compound with so much pelf;
Being so simply-wise,
I did not read the pity in Thine eyes.

I thought that I must build me, with the pow'rs
Thou didst bestow on me in childhood's prime,
Something of laud or worship. At all hours
I bound myself to take some toll of time
And, cherishing my day,
Paused not to note the signs upon my way.

But now I see—now, not too late, I learn
How the bird sings, how the flower buds and blows,
How all the rainbow rays of colour burn,
How man thinks, works; and, in the One True Rose
Of Being, blend and shine

All that Thou madest, perfected, divine.

C. H. Whith (Yeovil).

# The Creatures in War-time The Little Grey Mule

Meeting the Editor one day in the War, A.P. fished a pencilled scrap out of his pocket.

On it were these verses, dated August 1, 1916, written during the Somme Battle.

O one asked what he thought of war,
How his conscience stood, or anything more:
But they took him to France to stand his chance.
It's all right—only a mule.

He pulled his load to the top of the hill:
A shot rang out, and he lay quite still.
"Any-one hit?"—"No, we're quite fit;
It's all right—only a mule."

There is a field where the grass is long, And God at the gate to right the wrong: You can hear Him say if you pass that way, "He's all right—little grey mulc."

A.P.



## The Lark that Sang

An anonymous member sends this, with a dedication: "To the blind man whose name I did not know. He supported me when I was wounded: I was his eyes when he was blind."

The dim and distant towers and spires revealed?

Grief-stricken from the sadness of the fight—

The wasted horror of the battle-field?

Remember ye the lark? Each morn she filled
Our hearts with joy. Up, down, the trench we'd plod,
Whilst higher, higher up the heavens she trilled,
Winging her lightsome way to sing to God.

Until one dawn when we were "standing-to,"
Idly up-gazing as she upwards flew;
Charmed by the simple wonder of her song
I saw her pass betwixt me and the sun.

Vainly I strove to trace her airy flight,
Dazzled by shafts of half-forgotten light—
Till from afar there came a rushing wind:
A flash—a tumult—and I stumbled—blind.

ANON.

## Two Songs from Overseas Guests Nights

### A Toc H Welcome

A member at George, South Africa, produced this song at a Group meeting. It is sung to the tune of "Drink, puppy, drink."

That Tubby proved an angel in disguise.

Like a baby in a crêche—

So was Tommy in Toc H,

And everyone that entered drew a prize.

### Chorus :

Then work, Tocher, work!
And let every Tocher work;
There's a jolly, nobby job that you can do.
If you want to make a man,
You must catch him when you can,
And it's not the other bloke we want—it's you.

There's a welcome for you all,
There's a writing on the wall—
"You may spit upon the carpet" or the floor;
Just make yourself "at home"
Like a cheeky, chummy chum—

For the "pessimists" there's "Exit!" on the door.

Chorus: Then work, etc.

3. Out there 'twixt " Pop " and " Wipers "
There were many cunning snipers—
And there's devils watching now to take their toll.
But we down them in the end—
What you want is just a friend:
Come and join up, you won't find a " better 'ole."

Charus: Then work, etc.

### The Treasurer: A Toc H Tragedy

A Dirge, composed and sung, to "The Tarpaulin Jacket" tune, by Christchurch Group, N.Z.

a Treasurer stalwart lay dying,
And as on his assets he lied,
To his friends who around him were sighing
He plucked up his courage and cried—
"Take it to the Official Receiver
And point to the assets with pride,
For your shortly lamented deceiver
Has cooked the accounts ere he died."

"O had I the purse of a Pierrepoint
I would pay fifteen bob in the pound;
But I fear they will find in this 'ere 'joint'
There is hardly enough to go round."
Wrap him up in a bundle of dockets,
And bury him deep under ground:
But first of all go through his pockets
And we may pay a bob in the pound.

"O had I the wings of a tenner
When once it is split into ones,
I would willingly fly to Gehenna
To escape from the bills and the duns."
O finish him off with the poker,
Then carol a funeral strain—
And, since we can't go any broker,
We'll start the show going again.

## The Bridge Builder

A member of the F.M.S. Branch sends the following lines, cut out of an American paper, with the query "Why can't you get stuff as good as this in the JOURNAL?" The answer is, We can—here it is.

A N old man, going a lone highway,
Came at the evening cold and grey
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fears for him;
But he turned when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.
"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your time with building

You never again will pass this way, Your journey will end with the closing day. You have crossed the chasm deep and wide, Why build you this bridge at eveningtide?" The builder lifted his old grey head,

"Good friend, in the way that I've come,"
he said,

"There followeth after me to-day,
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This stream that has been as naught to me
To the fair-haired youth might a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim,
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."
Anon.

## DARCE CONDENSE

## To a Chimney-sweep joining Toc H

This piece of "free verse" hails from Toronto Branch.

OME along in, brother, come along in!
You're a sweep?—God love you,
you're the man we want—
Cleaner of the filthy flues,
Shifter of the dirty soot.
(Is it "Sunlight" that you use or rose carbolic
To shine your smutty phiz?)
Oh, you're the man for us.

Up, up, up goes your mighty broom,
Sprouting at last like a dandelion of hell;
Out flies the black confetti
Over the shoulders of the house;
Out fly the choking smuts—
No wonder that the homefires wouldn't draw—
Oh, you're the man for us, brother sweep!

Hark, the chimney's purring, purring,
And the fire, like golden holly,
Leaps and blazes merrily—
Can't you hear the pretty chatter of the
sputtering logs—
Toc-aitch, Toc-aitch, Toc-Toc;
aitch, aitch, aitch?
Oh, you're the man for us, brother sweep!

Draw your chairs up, mates o' mine:
Don't the air smell sweet in here?
Don't that fire dance cheerfully?
(Toc-aitch, Toc-aitch, Toc-aitch)
Sure, we had the good old sweep yesterday.

Come along in, brother sweep, come along in.
That shabby dreamer over there, he's a
teacher—

A cobweb cleaner of the mind; And there, in his chimney collar and his sooty garb,

That's a ruddy parson: Let him grip your grimy paw, brother sweep. For he's a chimney-sweeper too, One with you in your "heavenly" job.

Come along in, brother sweep, come along in.
Here's a gardener:
He does weeding half his time,
So quit yer swanking over him,
For a weeder and a sweep are much the same I
think.

Come along in, brother, come along in— Oh, you're the man for us!

## Ploughing in Australia

These are the meditations of a New South Wales member who wrote to Tubby on February 17: "Ploughing in Australia came to me line by line as I was at work in a 160-acre paddock alone. I was using a team of six horses and a four-furrow plough. The horses were exceedingly lively, and had had a long spell of nothing to do; consequently they kicked a lot—and the tackle was not of the best to hold kicking horses."



N a paddock near Murringo, Near a creek of running water, Worked a ploughman ploughing soil, Ploughing soil to sow man's wheat in.

He was often tired and weary, Weary of his constant toiling, Tired of ever watching furrows, Mending draw-eyes, also trace-chains; Which were being broken often First by one horse then another, Until nearly all are broken— Even those which had been mended, Mended well and bound with fence wire, Which was carefully extracted-From the fence inside the paddock. Is not this enough to madden Him who works from morn till even, In that paddock near Murringo, Near the creek of running water? Listen well, and hear the troubles, All the troubles he encountered.

First the snapping of his trace-chains, Then the breaking of his draw-eves, Followed by a broken plough share— Scarce renewed, when smashed again, On the many stony patches, Hidden underneath the grasses, Covered up with soil completely, So that he must fail to see them, Till they catch up in his plough shares, Smashing them to tiny pieces, Like so much unwanted driftwood, Which we use to light our fires with.

Just when all is going smoothly, Just when all is looking tightest, Off will come some nut and bolt head With its most important holding; Causing loss of time and temper, Causing loss of patience also, Whilst you look round for another To replace it—if you can do. When the nut or wire is fixed on,

And the team have just been started On their journey round the paddock, Up will come a travelling "surg-man,"\* Wanting you to give tobacco, Quite free, gratis, and for nothing, Quite regardless of the trouble Which he might be putting you to.

Having once again got moving, Feeling very hot and weary, Weary of the constant stopping, Whilst uncompassing the paddock; Sure as fate the wind starts blowing, Blowing hard in puffs and whirlwinds, Whirlwinds that remove his headpiece, And envelope man and horses, Blotting out all chance of vision, Causing both to miss the furrows, With the dust which they can gather, In a minute just from nowhere; Thereby causing endless driving, Endless trouble and commotion, To the man and to the horses, Who must follow close those furrows.

When the day is getting hottest, And his temper getting shortest, Down descend the flies in millions, To torment him with their biting, Making team and driver raving, With the fury of their onslaughts And their never-ending hunger.

Rest comes when the sun has sunker, Sunken down behind the ranges, Hiding all his many troubles, Countless worries and vexations, In the swiftly coming darkness. When the team have been unharnessed, When they have been fed and watered; Then the ploughman may return home, Leaving all, he bopes, for ever, In that paddock near Murringo, Near the creek of running water I HAROLD C. MORGAN.

\* A " surg-man" is the equivalent of the English tramp.

## A Brace of Toc H Moan-ologues

### The Reverend Round of Toast

(An echo, with apologies to A. A. Milne, of "the royal slice of bread and butter.")

HE grumpiest men I've ever seen were hostellers at Mark Umpteen,
Grumble, grumble, morning, noon and far into the night.
The Steward hailed from Aberdeen, a canny Scot, by name McBean,
Who cut their rations very short and grudged 'em every bite.
His latest fiat—" No more Butter!"—had given them good cause

Specially the Padre-Bloke, whose name was John J. Stone; John J. said he'd put up a fight (for butter was his pet delight) And vowed he'd voice this vital grouse in no uncertain tone!

### So

The Padre asked the Warden and the Warden asked the Jobmaster:

"Can we have some butter for the reverend round of toast?"

The Jobmaster said: "Let me see—I'll go and ask the Sccret'ry."

(The Secret'ry had gone away to Brighton on the coast.)

After a long, two-hour delay, he got him on the 'phone to say:

"What about some butter for the reverend round of toast?"

The telephone went out of gear. He couldn't make the other hear.

And so he sent his message off in writing by the post.

The Secretary, sad to say, left it still another day,
And then at last, remembering, replied on sixteen sheets,
To say: "This question tender shall appear in the agenda
For discussion (in a fortnight) when the next Committee meets!"
Meanwhile the fare they fed on most was dripping spread upon their toast:
This rancid fat was given them to eat with every meal.
The hostellers were staggered to see how thin and haggard
Poor Padre Stone had quickly grown since launching his appeal.

Because of McBean's dripping, they could see his health was slipping,
And his faculties were failing as the fatal day drew near;
Speak he could not, only stutter (he was pining for his butter),
And his eyes now lacked their lustre and your voice he scarce could hear.
Toast and dripping for two weeks drove the colour from his cheeks,
And his one-time rosy lips were now the dull, dead hue of clay;
His vitality was drained. Every day the dripping gained!
And John J. just like the old, old soldiers faded right away!

#### L'Envoi.

And before Committee sat, poor John J. picked up his hat And departed for the region where they have no cause to moan; As his face grew cold in death, with his last expiring breath, He murmured: "Constant dripping, boys, will wear away a Stone!"

## "The Tightest Man I Know" (With apologies to the author of "The Whitest man I know.")

NOW the "tightest" man I know was a Treasurer at Bow, He was quite the meanest cove I'll ever know. His name was Rob McGrasp; when his horny hand you'd clasp You could tell his fingers seemed to need your "dough." He was known as "Happy Starkey" by the blokage in the Mark, he Used to play on battered bagpipes every morn; But the blokes bought cotton-wool and stuffed their ears full, For the sound was just like firewood being sawn. His age you'd never tell, for a beard disguised him well, Those whiskers were the darling of his heart; His bristles were his passion, and he swore, in Highland fashion, That naught from his beard should ever part. As a Treasurer, his plan was a system of the clan That had long been found effective North o' Tweed: Blokes whose subs. were overdue (and a long way over, too) Found that Rob was hard of heart. They tried to plead, But he issued a decree—they must pay their debts, or he Would see that Retribution dark and deep Descended like a blight in the stillness of the night To rob their rest and steal from them their sleep!

Many moons his plan succeeded and his Gaelic threats were heeded, And the coffers swelled with Rob's hard-gotten gains; But one evening, very late, came his final fight with Fate— A little chap named Codd arrived from Staines. Codd a member was already, so McGrasp went up and, said he, "Noo, Ah want a year-r's subscreeption richt awa'," But Codd was "short" that day and he said he wouldn't pay-And Rob's decree was giv'n without delay. But Codd was unafraid and his sub. remained unpaid, So Rob, without the slightest hesitation, Blew up his bagpipes tight, and late that very night He put his system into operation! As quietly as a mouse he arrived outside the house Where Codd was lodging with some folks named Jones, Bagpipes ready for the fray, Rob McGrasp began to play In weird, wild, woozy, wiggling, wailing tones !

He let fly with Rogerum and a cheese began to hum
In the larder of a neighbouring domain;
With a big, lung-bursting blow as he reached that final "O"—
And a parlour window cracked across the pane!
Then he switched to Annie Laurie and the local cats felt sorry,
And they gathered round to tell the world their woes;
With a fierce, blood-curdling squeal Robbie played a Highland Reel
And the tabbies danced a hornpipe on their toes!

It was Turkey in the Straw till his lips were nearly raw! His eyes "bugged out," all bloodshot with the strain; This, this barbarous execution, was his threatened Retribution! His only thought was Branch financial gain.

From a sleep too deep for dreams, Codd awoke to hear the screams Of the pibroch making hideous the night;
From his bed he made a bound and he groped the bedroom round For a sword with which to strike a blow for Right.
Though no weapon could he find, on the sill, behind the blind, Stood a bottle of Green Dye (left their by chance),
And he flung it straight and true, while the bedroom air turned blue With a cuss-word he had learned while out in France.
It crashed on Robbie's chin, with a most unholy din
As the shattered fragments tinkled to the floor.
Of his face naught could be seen: it was just a patch of green,
With his eyeballs only showing as before!

Then a policeman hove in sight; Rob McGrasp fled through the night With his whiskers dripping dye along the path; Reached the shelter of the Mark, sneaked upstairs in the dark, And washed and washed for hours beside the bath.

Next morn he faced the glass. Help! His beard was green as grass! He went downstairs, fear clutching at his heart;

What a raucous shriek of joy came from every man and boy! He stood alone, with none to take his part. . . .

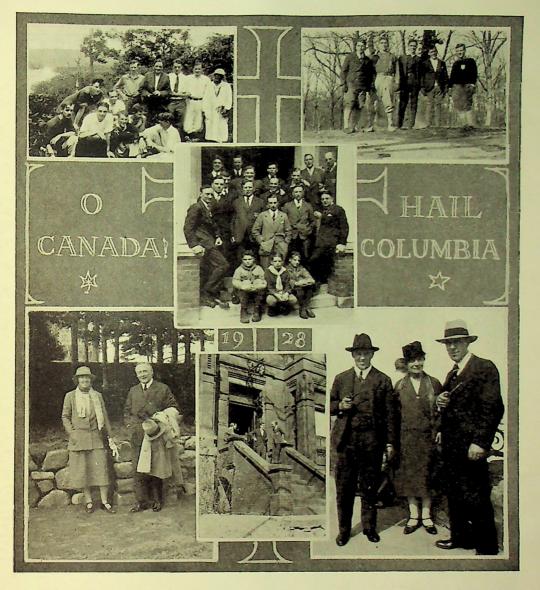
The Padre came down late: when he saw poor Robbie's state He clutched the table, and his cheeks went white;

To save Robbie from derision, he told him his decision—
He must shave his beard, or vanish from his sight. . . .

Now, Rob's Highland pride was hurt at such judgment stern and curt, And for him there was but one thing left to do; The Tightest Man I Know guessed his day was done, and so He turned away, took up his pipes—and blew. . . . Far from the Mark he strayed, and a mournful tune he played, A wild lament which ended in a scream. By the turgid river side, he plunged into the tide, And floated (with his bag-pipes) down the stream. No one saw McGrasp again—he may be down a drain—And the blokes still laugh, and no one calls it odd. Yes. The Tightest Man I Know . . . and I'll tell what made him go—'Twas the Green Dye of that little fellow Codd!







Top, Left: Washington members, with Sawbones, at Coleman Jennings' "Tower" on the Potomac River.

Top, Right: Washington members. Left to right—Erle Jackson (Registrar), R. Eaton, Bill Smith, Monty Callis (late Manchester), Boyd Hinds.

Centre: Hostellers of Mark II (C) with Gilbert Williams, Monty Callis, and Dick Rule (Washington) with three of his Scouts who made the 500 mile trip by road to visit Toronto Toc H.

Bottom, Left: "Uncle Harry" and Mrs. Ellison in Canada, 1927.

Bottom, Right: "Padre Bill" and Mrs. Williams, with Frank Webb (Warden, Toronto House) at Niagara Falls, 1928.
Bottom, Centre: Entrance to Mark I, Washington (note sign), with Sawbones, Monty Callis, and Frank Webb (Toronto).



### "OURSELVES"

" LERE'S TAE US! WHA'S LIKE US? DOM FEW!" This seems as good a moment as any for a little self-advertisement. Let us mark the "silly season" by talking a little about this JOURNAL in its own pages.

### THE "NEWS SHEET."

First of all remind yourselves of its history. When Toc H Australia began to produce a little cyclostyled monthly, The Forerunner, it was already looking forward to its printed journal The Link—and in this it followed the course of the parent Journal at home. The Toe H News Sheet issued its first number in May, 1921, a little quarto of four pages. No. 2 (July, 1921) was typed on foolscap sheets, and bore the heading also cyclostyled, which is reproduced on p 372. In this form it ran until May, 1922 (No. XI), with eight pages. The beloved "Siddy" Hoare, who passed over two years ago, was for a time its editor, but the lion's share of the work printing, binding, editing—yes, and writing !—always fell to the Registrar. His ally was "Lady Gestetner," the overworked duplicating machine which came at last to be almost a living personality in the old headquarters office. A few members can still see the picture of "Mus." writing and arranging the News Sheet, typing its crowded pages himself, and spending half the night (he wasn't married then) in "rolling off" its 2,000 copies, which then had to be packed, addressed, stamped and posted. No small job, my masters! For the News Sheet was full of meat, some of which—in a sort of dish of journalistic rissoles—the Editor has dished up again below for readers of this JOURNAL. For it belongs to Toc H history, and ought not to be forgotten. Copies of the News Sheet are now extreme rarities—for the paper used was poor and the form fragile—and complete sets are unobtainable.

### THE TOC H JOURNAL.

The first printed JOURNAL was issued in June, 1922. The size of its page and its price was the same as at present; but its cover was a pale buff makeshift (see illustration opposite), its paper thin and shiny. The first suggestion about the Lamp of Maintenance was mooted in this number; Branch News (there were no "Groups" then) ran into four pages, and the Secretaries' List into two (it occupied twelve last March and will take more next July). No. 2 did not appear until July; and in October it wore the familiar orange cover for the first time, though without the block of the Lamp—there was as yet no Lamp in existence.

It is not necessary to trace the progress of the JOURNAL in detail. In course of time there were changes—its first Editor, Lional Bradgate, gave place to Barclay Baron in April, 1924; the paper on which it was printed and the type used were altered in July, 1923.\* The number of pages increased, but the price—in spite of determined onslaughts upon the Editor and the Central Council from one or two quarters—was never decreased. A few figures shall do duty for any blowing of trumpets about this:—

Vol.	I,	1922 ( 5 Nos.)	contained	148	pages.	Vol.	III, 1925 (11 Nos.)	,,	364 pages
							IV, 1926 (11 Nos.)		472 ,,
,,	Π,	1924 (11 Nos.)	. ,,	344	,,	,,	V, 1927 (11 Nos.)	,,	500 ,,

Last year, therefore, subscribers received 100 pages of reading matter (quality various) for each shilling of their subscription, with a 24-page Annual Report and a number of full-page plates thrown in extra. In 1928 they will have better value for money!

In case any member is interested—the type used until June, 1923, was the "Old Face" of William Caslon (1692-1776); in July it was changed to the French type of "Claude Garamond" (early 16th century). The headings were first printed in Caslon capitals, then for a time in "Forum" type, then again Caslon, and now (since April, 1927) in the old French fount of Nicholas Cochin.

#### CIRCULATION.

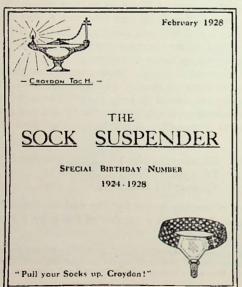
Now and again readers write to the Editor, commiserating or criticising: they say (a) that, considering the painful dullness of the JOURNAL, they are not surprised that no one reads it, or (b) that, considering its brilliant quality, they are surprised that everyone doesn't read it. Let us put both parties out of pain—the circulation might be much worse and it might be much better: in any case it increases quite steadily. Here are exact figures, published after the modest example of our best contemporaries, John Fool and the Sunday Shriek:—

		Published.	Net Sales.					
1922, July (First No.)		2,000			_			
1925, November		. 5,500			5,200			
1926, November		6,500			6,200			
1927, November		8,200			7,900			
1928, January		*20,000						
February		8,600						
March		9,300	Net sales are about 500 less, used for propa-					
April	• •	9,500	ganda and free distribution to schools, etc.					
May		9,850						
June		10,100						

<sup>\*</sup> More than half of the 20,000 in January went to the Appeal Office for publicity purposes.

### Toc H Local Journalism.

Numerous monthly magazines of Toc II, typed or printed, have come into existence, and these the Toc H Journal likes to regard as its own children—though children can, and sometimes do, repudiate their parentage. Some have died in infancy or early youth, and some flourish exceedingly. Branches and groups, feeling not unnaturally that not enough space is given to



their particular local concerns in these pages, often start cyclostyled news-sheets of their own. A good many of these, we regret to say, lie in their graves: they uttered lusty cries as they came into the world, but died soon after of undernourishment from the pockets of members. Their ashes are preserved in one or two volumes of the Editor's archives at H.Q. Of those which have survived, honourable mention must be made of the Jottings of the West Kent (First Countrymen's) Branch, which reached No. 17 in March; of the East Midlands Area News Sheet which published No. 11 in April; and the Croydon, Carshalton and Coulsdon Reflector (formerly Sock Suspender) which is as gallant and good as ever after 18 months' run. First among printed local journals was the Yorkshire Area Bulletin, which ran during the whole of 1926, and ceased publication largely out of a desire not to compete with the Toc H Journal in its own area. The printed Broxbourne Badger issued an excellent first number for June.

THE OVERSEAS JOURNALS

The overseas journals of Toc H deserve more support from members at home than they are receiving. Every Branch and Group should subscribe for at least one communal copy of each, and should bind and preserve them among the treasures which they will hand on to their members in time to come. Reference to our illustration will show what they look like: the key to the plate is as follows:—

I. Toe H Journal—the original cover, used for July and September numbers, 1922.

2. Too H Journal—showing cover used for the Summer Double Number, August, 1925.

3. Too H Journal—cover design in regular use at the present time. Order from the Registrar, I, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.I. Price 6d.; 5s. per year.

design in black and orange used for Vol. I (February to December, 1926) and Vol. II (to June, 1927).

5. The Link of Toc H Australia. Cover design now in use (Vol. II, July, 1927, onwards). Order from the Editor, G.P.O. Box 44, Melbourne. Price 3d., 3s. 6d. per year.

6. The Lamp of Toc H India. Cover design in use from the first (May, 1926). Order from the Editor, 6, Wellington Square, Calcutta. 6 annas per copy; posted Rs. 5 per year.

7. The Toc H Journal of Toronto. First published October, 1924: now apparently suspended

8. The Torch of Toc H Toronto. So far only one number, published April, 1927.

9. The Mark of Toc H South America. First published October, 1926. Order from the Business. Manager, The Mark, Chacabuco 723, Buenos Aires, Argentine Republic. Probably 6d. per copy.

10. Toe H South Africa Monthly. First published as a cyclostyled News Sheet in November, 1926. Vol. II, No. 1 (June) and No. 2 (September) were printed; publication now suspended.

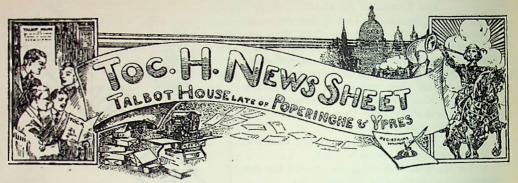
11. The Sign of Toc H U.S.A. First published in February, 1928. Order from National Headquarters of Toc H, 1324 Eighteenth Street, Washington, D.C. 5 cents a copy.

12. The Little Journal of Toc H Malaya. First published in January, 1928. Order from the Editor, C. L. Layland, c/o Yukon Gold Co., Ampang, Selangor, F.M.S. Price not stated.

13. The Log of Toc H League of Women Helpers. Quarterly, first published October, 1926. Order from L.W.H. Headquarters, 87 & 88 Chandos House, Palmer Street, Victoria Street, S.W.I. Price 6d.

## A Journal Competition

At a Toc H fête many years ago in the garden of Cam House, London, Lord Plumer launched a fleet of small balloons with luggage labels attached. They travelled far, and the furthest reported on won. But how far does the furthest copies of the Toc H Journal travel? To endcayour to test this surprising problem, Tubby will give six prizes of a free annual subscription to this Journal for 1929 to the loneliest members who receive this copy (August, 1928) furthest up-country in Canada, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, India, South America respectively. Competitors muit send a paragraph to describe their surroundings (with a snapshot or two if possible), or a word on "lone Toc-aiching."



THE heading, once familiar to members, shows "Lady Gestetner" in the centre transforming packets of plain paper into a stream of printed sheets; the Registrar's inkpot on the right represents the brain of the whole concern. From the right-hand panel a gay herald trumpets the tidings that the News Sheet is abroad, and in the left-hand panel members in a Mark read and apparently make a song about it. In the background the dome of St. Paul's suggests Fleet Street, the smoke of the train dispatch and delivery, and the telegraph wires an up-to-date news service! The type of the News Sheet was never entirely legible, and it is fading with time. Let us give a short summary before the last vestiges of the gallant old rag disappear!

Extracts from No. 1, May, 1921: (From the first leading article)—" A number of keen members have very properly strafed Headquarters from time to time for not producing anything hitherto in the way of a periodical Journal. Conscious as we are of one another's deficiencies, it must be admitted that there has been a certain amount of excuse for this failure. First, there is the expense of printing; then, the problem of getting it written; then, the expense of getting it circulated; then, the difficulty of getting it read, rather than covered with lather. The best thing obviously is to make a start in a small way with something equivalent to a Corps Intelligence Summary in the early days, embracing within the area of one page the entirely unofficial news of an overwhelming victory by the Russians; the fact that an enemy sniper was observed cleaning his teeth at D.E. 28.C.5.Don; and the news that dogs are prohibited to all units; coupled with a note offering a reward for the return of the Camp Commandant's terrier. This then is the kind of news we contemplate. It will either just be cyclostyled, or achieved on the Registrar's home-made printing press. . . . If enough people want something better (They did—ED.) and guarantee a sufficient sale to cover cost (They didn't—ED.) No. 2 shall be printed. As a supplement to No. 2 will be issued a tract on our Toc H Pilgrimage to Ypres at Whitsuntide; and a pretty paper pattern for a bib will probably be given away with our third number." (These were both "election promises." -ED.) This number contained the first advertisement of the Toc H blazer ("serviceable at various times and places, and carries with it a satisfactory sense that you have finished your work when you haven't"); and news of the opening of Mark III on May 21.

No. 2, July, 1921, gave notice of a Guest Night at Mark I to say "Thank you" and "Godspeed" to Lord and Lady Byng before they sailed to take up duty at Government House, Ottawa; of a promise from H.R.H. the Patron to visit Mark III; of an impending visit from Lord Plumer; and of the coming of Padre Humphrey Money on August 1 to be chaplain of the three London Houses for a month. (He had taken charge of the Old House at Poperinghe in 1917 in Tubby's absence, was in 1921 at Glasgow, and is in 1928 L.W.H. Padre, residing in London.) A half page was devoted to the incorporation with Toc H of the Cavendish Association, and the

transference of its furniture (including Barkis) to H.Q. at Mark II.

No. 3, August, 1921, refers darkly to "the ecclesiastical member of the community who flies to weddings and rudely disturbs the Hampshire lanes, rushing in full vestments from the wrong church to the right one, unfortunately to arrive only in time to greet the happy pair leaving after the ceremony." (This refers to an attempt by Tubby in an aeroplane to reach Major Forestier Walker's wedding in time to tie the knot.) Branch News appears for the first time

—with Birmingham and Bristol to share the honours.

No. 4, October, 1921, achieves eight pages. It contains over two pages from Tubby on "The Autumn Situation"—"What other body . . . would have tolerated talk of three Houses in a year in London when all our visible means of support consisted of some £50 in the bank and a five-roomed flat in Red Lion Square?" Manchester, Newcastle, Bristol were preparing for campaigns. Best of all, Pat Leonard had decided to burn his boats, leave his job as Chaplain of Cheltenham College, and go to Manchester; Sawbones was also "in the offing." Financial tension had grown "almost unbearable," when, on September 27, two members came forward with £5,000 each for the first two Memorial Chaplaincies.

No. 5, November, 1921: Tubby contributes news under the heading "Pink Pills for Pale Pessimists"—a third Chaplaincy Endowment; hospitality to two Austrian students ("this step I personally regard as both right and courageous"); and an announcement of the first Birthday Festival ("will every man-jack who can possibly do so, arrange to keep December 15 clear for some terrific form of rejoicing? It is the natal day of Toc H"). The new London Sports Club provides

two pages of news.

No. 6, December, 1921: Tubby, beginning "At 2 a.m. on a December morning it is a grave enough matter to be told that the News Sheet is a page and a half short," proceeds to supply the deficiency. A description of "that heroic figure, the Registrar, scated as he even now is before his typewriter (he has been cutting stencils for the past four hours)," brings Tubby mysteriously to write:—"As a man grows older, his views on the teleological significance of circumstantial phenomena become more arbitrary—in other words, he knows what he wants around him and why. For instance, clothes to me are simply a series of ingenious contrivances designed to give man pockets. The kangaroo has these by nature, and is in this respect man's superior, in the same way as English billiard tables are one up on those indigenous to France. . . . By a similar process of reasoning rooms may at once be seen to be merely suits—or suites—of a more durable character. A room to me is an affair of cupboards only." (He is just taking relics of Poperinghe out of his cupboard when the space runs out.)

No. 7, January, 1922 is remarkable for the first appearance of Rogerum, written down for Toc H, for an account of the first Birthday ("the Sixth Anniversary of Toc H") at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and Grosvenor House—and a side-slip of the Sports Secretary into foreign languages

(" Nulli dibs, nulli ludi : compris?").

No. 8, February, 1922: Tubby, now crossing to Canada for the first time, contributes a big slice of diary: "I take up my parable at the point when the pilot has been discovered as a stowaway and thrown overboard. It was only when I heard the splash that I realised he had none of my really important letters with him." News Sheet finance is given as "Paid 3; not paid 7,777."

No. 9, March, 1922: "Overheard North of the Park—Small boy: 'What does P.B.C. stand for, mummy?' Mother: 'Paddington Borough Council—but don't tell them at Toc H.'"

Tubby's first impressions of Canada in a long letter to the editor. Much news.

No. 10, April, 1922: Tubby's journeys in Canada and Branch news claim most of the space, No. 11, May, 1922: Tubby is home again and speaking on his travels. He begins to write on "O Canada!" in three "spasms"—1, It: 2, They; 3, Toc H—but is so amusing over geography that he never reaches No. 3. This is almost the only number of the News Sheet in which the proposal to print it properly soon is not mentioned—and the next number (June, 1922) was printed, as Vol. I., No. 1 of the Toc H Journal.

### MULTUM IN PARVO

- Padre PAT LEONARD will be sent to Toc H, U.S.A., in October, 1928, and probably again in October, 1929, for about seven months each time.
- We specially welcome the appointment of the Rev. A. D. Belden, Superintendent of Whitefield's Institutional Church and Central Mission, as an Association Padre of Toc H. He has offered the use of the famous Tabernacle for services for Free Church members on suitable occasions.
- We offer sincerest condolences to Padre G. H. Perry (Mark II.) on the death of his wife; to Llanelly Group on the death of their late Secretary, F. C. Evans, after a lingering illness; and to Bournemouth Branch on the death of Stanley Popham, a keen young married member. We congratulate Dryden and Mrs. Anderson (South Shields) most heartily on the birth of a daughter on June 5.
- A family cheer for the five New Branches
  just promoted (see next column)!
- ### The London Sports Ground at New Barnet, hitherto held on lease, has just been purchased and presented to Toc H by a most generous anonymous donor.
- The little party of AMERICAN MEMBERS led by Monty Callis (Manchester, Washington) arrived by s.s. *Tuscania* on July 23, and were warmly welcomed at the Brothers' House. Their tour in England will be reported in the October JOURNAL.
- Ø The YPRES PILGRIMAGE from Hull will take place on September 15-16. Total cost not to exceed £3 10s. Members should apply to "Dusty" Miller, Mark X., Clarendon Street, Hull.
- The Ex-Service Relief scheme which is run from Toc H Headquarters has just completed the first six months of its work. Details of this very 'live' activity will be given in the October Journal.
- O NO JOURNAL IN SEPTEMBER!

- ø Secretaries list: July Alterations and Additions: (a) Groups promoted to Branches (in order of precedence): Folkestone, West Moors, Yeovil, Whitstable, Eastbourne.
- (b) New Groups: Anstey, W. H. Goodall, Bradgate Road, Anstey, Leicester; Brad-FORD (Manchester), T. Ogden, 5, Archer Street, Bradford, Manchester; Bramhall, L. G. Campion, "Inglegarth," Bramhall, near Stockport; Eastville, W. L. Nicholls, 26, Stapleton Road, Bristol; FINCHLEY, L. W. Fish, 64, Squires Lane, N.3; King's Norton, E. H. Ingram, 17, Hawkesley Drive, Northfield, Birmingham; PALMERS GREEN, D. W. S. Low, "The Gables," Greenwood Gardens, N.13. Eastern Canada: OTTAWA, W. E. Cox, 382, O'Connor Street; QUEBEC, H. Pfieffer, 102, De la Tour, Quebec, P.Q.; SAINT JOHN (N.B.), Major F. J. Nisbet, 22, Prince William Street; St. John's (Quebec), L. G. Gage, c/o G. R. Smith & Co., Ltd., St. John's, P.Q.; South Shore, J. T. Broadbent, c/o Watson, Jack & Co., Ltd., Castle Building, St. Catherine's Street, West Montreal; VERDUN, J. B. Brown, 3793, Ethel Street; WEST MOUNT, E. Oesterman, 248, Addington Avenue, Montreal. INDIA: LAHORE, Dr. J. Cairns, 10, Mayo Gardens.
- (c) Change of Secretary: BLACKPOOL, A. C. Lewis, 37, Wellington Road; CADIES (London), L. E. Ball, 43, Gladmuir Road, N.19; CARLTON, J. Bowden, 9, Conway Road, Carlton, Notts; Dovercourt, H. E. Gough, 11, Brooklyn Road; DUNDEE, G. C. Taylor, "Dragmiel," Rockfield Street; East-BOURNE, D. F. Dunbar, 39, Milton Road; GREENOCK, G. Frenis, 20, Cathcart Street; KIRKBY STEPHEN, R. Thomas, Midland Station; Mansfield, B. Wass, "Penvor," Paulson's Drive; MIDDLESBROUGH: H. G. Brockhurst, 5, Coppice Road, Grove Hill; Newport (Mon.), A. H. Spurrier, 55, Graig Park Avenue, Malpas; Northallerton, A. E. Clarke, Church Terrace; Oxford, C. Caps (Gen. Sec.), 14, Queen Street; Portsmouth, R. S. Flynn, 3, Copythorne Road; H.M.S. Ramillies, G. H. Cumberworth, Mess No. 7, H.M.S.

Ramillies, c/o G.P.O., London; RETFORD, F. R. Ostick, "Glen Dhoon," North Road; SHEFFIELD, Hon, Branch Sec., c/o Mark VIII, Christchurch Road, Pitsmoor, Sheffield; STEPNEY, R. E. Evans, John Benn Hostel, Bower Street, E.1. Overseas: Australia-BRIS-BANE, A. Toon; Brunswick, L. M. Spinder. Canada—HAMILTON, R. Lidgey, 127, Sanford Avenue, Hamilton, Ont.; TORONTO, F. Webb, Mark II (C.), 614, Huron Street. India—CALCUTTA, A. J. Cormack, Henleys Telegraph Works Co.; NILGIRIS & MALABAR, Sergt. J. Murphy, c/o Officers' Mess, Wellington; OOTACAMUND, Major J. H. J. Hayhurst, "Maycroft." Malaya-SINGAPORE, F. H. Geake, Government Analyst's Office. New Zealand-Wellington, Dr. F. J. Bowerbank, P.O. Box 948. West Africa-LAGOS, The Secretary, Toc H, c/o King's College.

(d) Change of Secretary's Address: GATES-HEAD Secretary to 12, Fourth Street; HALIFAX Secretary to 30, Albert View, Pellon, Halifax; PRESTON Secretary to 6, Starkie Street; SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Secretary to 12, Manvers Street. Overseas: Belgium—Antwerp Secretary to 89<sup>2</sup>, Rue Haringrode; YPRES Secretary to 29, Basse Ville. Canada—Toronto West Secretary to 111, Empress Crescent. Ceylon—Colombo Secretary to The Bishop's House, Colpetty.

(e) Corrections: WIGAN, R. Jones, Workshops of the Blind, Millgate, was unfortunately omitted from July List; also Worthing Secretary—F. J. Gordge, 35, Church Walk.

(f) League of Women Helpers: Change of Secretary: FELLING, Miss Grave, 26, Coldwell Terrace; Grangetown, Mrs. R. Wood, 14, Creswell Road; Streatham, Miss B. Sibley, 2, Pendle Road, S.W.16; West Sheffield, Mrs. Dyson, Lees House, Norton Lees. Overseas: South Africa—Pretoria, Mrs. Hannell, 521, Park Street, Arcadia.

## NEWS FROM BRANCHES AND GROUPS

London Federation

Training: To meet the demands of the London Jobmasters at their Conference in June (see July Journal, p. 283) plans are in hand for some short courses in Boys' Club management (including visits to clubs) and in methods of religious training. Applications to attend the Lucas-Tooth Physical Training Course should be sent, by September 15, to the Director at St. Olave's Institute, Fair Street, S.E.I.

The Endowment Appeal figures largely in the plans of the Northern District for the autumn. Preliminary arrangements for the District effort in aid of the Appeal—the production of "The Light of the Lamp," at the Wood Green Empire—are well under way. The Alexandra Palace Choir and Orchestra, under the direction of Allen Gill, are assisting with the music and, with Grant producing, a first-rate performance seems assured. Among the Branches ENFIELD organised a highly successful tennis tournament on July 12th, when they secured the

assistance of many players of Wimbledon class. The proceeds from the show are to go to the Endowment Fund. WALTHAM-STOW celebrated its Birthday on July 7 and 8. A Guest-night, on July 7 brought some 60 members and friends together for tea, community singing and an inspiring talk by Harry Eastwood. On Sunday there were well-attended Corporate Communion and Thanksgiving Services in the Parish Church. Meetings are on 1st, 3rd and 5th Mondays at the Y.M.C.A., Church Hill, at 8 sharp. HACKNEY are already preparing for a whist-drive in October to raise their share of the guarantee fund-contributed to by every Branch and Group—for the expenses of the District production of the Masque. ISLINGTON and HIGHGATE have helped at a party for the blind at Caen Wood Towers, by invitation of Lady Waley-Cohen, which was organised by "Mac" of Islington. Newcomers to Highgate include Padre Holt, of Christchurch, N.Z. and "Darkie" Webster, late of Mark V. The Group is busy with the whole of the After-Care Work of the Hargrave Park (L.C.C.) School which they have undertaken, and also with preparations for a "Mass Raid on the Money-Bags of Highgate," by which they hope to raise at least £250 for the Endowment Fund. MUSWELL HILL have taken charge of a local boys' club and are starting well with a redecoration scheme—whitewash and paint ad lib. The two newest "Groupes," PAL-MERS GREEN and FINCHLEY are both "Going strong." Frequent meetings, good crowds of blokes, real keenness, and unlimited enthusiasm for both fellowship and service, are the order of the day.

There is a lot of quiet activity in the Southern District in support of the Endowment Fund. One small Branch has already passed the f.40 mark and still hopes for more. MARK III is conducting a systematic study of vagrancy in its district, and in connexion with this has recently sent representatives to visit the Salvation Army Hostel, and the hostel run by St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. BROTHERS' HOUSE writes of educative visits to the Hop telephone exchange and the Hovis works. NORWOOD has recently taken a large part in stewarding the League of Nations' Union Festival of Youth, at the Crystal Palace, and also the Athletic Sports organised by the London Federation of Boys' Clubs. On the personal side, a new job has been undertaken in the way of fathering orphan boys in the Beulah Home for Boys, one of the Shaftesbury Homes. DULWICH is busy with more than one Boys' Club in Camberwell, and has recently entertained, with a view to spreading the news, senior boys' and officers of the C.L.B., the B.B. and the Rovers in its district. BRIXTON writes of an inspiring gathering addressed by Padre Money of the L.W.H. on the third anniversary of its birth as a Group.

The South-Western District progresses steadily. Nothing startling is happening in these summer days, but the jig-saw puzzle of dates for the Winter is proving quite exciting. WIMBLEDON has its Birthday Party in hand, RICHMOND its dramatic

show, TWICKENHAM its Guest-night while "feelers" are being extended in Putney and East Wandsworth. The district pulled its weight during "Toc H in Training,": some interesting self-denials took place.

In the North-Western District MARK VII spent two very interesting evenings in June, first of all listening to Father Jellicoe's account of the work of the Magdalen College Mission and their Housing Scheme, and a week later visiting the Mission in order to get a practical insight into the Housing problems of the neighbourhood. It was gratifying to see an excellent turnout, and not a little attention was attracted in Somers Town, as all the children of the streets joined in with the party as it passed from place to place. Autumn Guest-nights already arranged are as follows: September 6, G. K. Chesterton; September 13, Debate; September 20, Annual General Meeting; September 27, Barkis; October 11, M. G. Borton on "Lloyds"; October 18, Col. H. Rowan Robinson on "The North-West Frontier." The MAPLE Group will act as hosts for the first District Guest-night of the season, which will be held on Thursday, October 4, on Messrs, Maple & Co.'s premises (entrance in Gower Street).

Sports Club: Rugger Section: Officers for the new Season are as follows:-Chairman, W. A. Dodd; Captain, H. L. A. Green; Vice-Captain, D. H. B. Arber; Fixture Secretary, L. W. Hore; Treasurer, G. D. Powell; General Secretary, T. B. Beech, Oakdale, 24, Leicester Road, New Barnet; and Team Secretary, J. Mallet, Mark I., to whom all applications for membership should be addressed. Five teams will be run up till Christmas and four for the remainder of the season. The fixtures generally are of an improved standard and the 1st. XV. will meet the following "A" teams: R.M.A. (Woolwich), Rosslyn Park, Old Paulines, Welsh Guards, Old Merchant Taylors; Guy's, King's College and St. Thomas's Hospitals; in addition to the 1st XVs. of the Old Brightonians, Christ Church (Oxford), Emanuel; Berkhamsted, Rutlish, Haberdashers' and Caterham Schools; R.A.F. (Uxbridge); Hong Kong, National Provincial and National of India Banks; Barnet and Osterley Clubs. The season will open with trial games on September 8 and 15 and the importance of turning out for these and in getting fit cannot be over-emphasized. In addition to the trials on the 15th there will be two matches against the R.N.V.R., and on the following Saturday three teams will be placed in the field. The full fixture list commences on September 29, when five matches will be played. Fixtures will not be published in the JOURNAL as heretofore, but cards may be obtained from the Hon. Team Secretary, at Mark I, 24, Pembridge Gardens, W.2., or other Club Officers. It is hoped that all will bear in mind the importance of the Club having the

active support of Toc H. and new members with experience will be welcome.

Swimming Section: There are now nearly fifty swimming members. The great event of the season will be the Section's Swimming Gala on October 11 at the Great Smith Street Baths, in which some first-class swimmers have promised to take part. There will be a competition for relay teams of Toc H.—it is hoped from all over the country-for the "Trevelyan Thompson Challenge Cup." Applications for entry, with the names of the team of four swimmers, should be sent on or before Monday, September 17, to the Secretary, J. W. Goodwillie, 23, Cautley Avenue, London, S.W.4. Entrance fee, 4s. per team.

### Home Counties Area

The week-end camp of TUNBRIDGE WELLS Branch at Crowborough was most successful; representatives of Canterbury, Sevenoaks and Islington were present, as

HINCKLEY counts June 23 as a red-letter day, for then their "cellar Chapel" was dedicated by Padre Siderfin (Area Padre) and a Birthday Festival was afterwards held on the Vicarage lawn, with the General Secretary as chief guest.

In the West Midlands the new Group at OAKENGATES received its Rushlight on May 10, when eighteen members were They have fortunately got the old Shedshill Forge offices as H.Q. Activity at CANNOCK has much increased lately, for the early difficulty of getting jobs has been overcome. The Group is doing corporate work for the Staffordshire Blind Society, installing wireless in the homes of the blind, etc. A Scout troop in a poor quarter is their latest undertaking. WALSALL is very occupied with boys' work. They are running three Clubs, with a total membership of nearly 200 boys, and a troop of Rovers. On May 25 the Bishop of Stafford confirmed twenty boys, all members of the Bath Street Club, many of whom had scarcely been inside a church before linking up with Toc H. well as Padre Alex Birkmire. Recent meetings. have been held at the houses of members. A party of Branch and other members visited Ypres for the week-end, July 20-23.

### East and West Midlands Areas

The two blind members of the Group help greatly by their cheerfulness and usefulness. WEST BROMWICH also does boys' work, by running a series of week-end camps for boys who would otherwise have no real holiday: they take about 17 boys every STAFFORD run two Boys' week-end. Clubs, give concerts at the Workhouse and Cottage Hospital, make and maintain wireless sets for the blind, etc. They have recently lost five good members to other places, but have secured better quarters lately and carry on cheerfully. NORTH STAFFS, had their Lamp dedicated at Newcastle-under-Lyme on June 20, to 65 Old Medians (Orme Boys' School) who fell in the War. Ted Davidson (Manchester) preached and spoke again at the supper. Members are doing useful work for the deaf and dumb. BIRMINGHAM helped again to run a camp at Stratford-on-Avon for about twenty blind St. Dunstan's men. They ran side-shows and refreshments at a recent Fete for deaf and dumb people. The first District Guest-night was held at MARK VI. on June 16,

In West and South Yorks, LEEDS, in co-operation with the local I.C.F. representative, is holding dinner-hour talks outside the factories on the South side of the river on Thursdays, which, up to date, have been most successful. The aim is to put the ideas of Toc H and of I.C.F. before the men, so that they may wish to join one of these movements later. The Poor Man's Lawyer work at the Red House has grown so fast (in the twelve months ended June 30, 500 interviews had been held there) that the Branch has opened another room also in a different part of the city, for this work. Members of LEEDS UNIVERSITY Group are helping the Toc H. family nearest their own homes. ROUNDHAY Group and the Gropes at ARMLEY and BURLEY go finely. HILLS-BOROUGH (an amalgamation of Neepsend and Walkley Groups) meets at the Boys' Club and Hostel, which it is doing its utmost to help: it is, however, seeking a H.Q. of its own. Members run the libraries at the Royal Infirmary and Commonside Hospital.

In East Yorks and Lines, HULL has been much occupied on the Summer job of the Infirmary "rag" etc., besides accepting

COTTINGHAM'S challenge to play cricket. ANLABY, a suburb of Hull, held its first Grope meeting on June 15, with ten present; they had got their own room before the second meeting. BEVERLEY are busy with C.L.B. and Scouts, are running a boys' camp, and discussing a Boys' Club for the winter. MORTON are spreading the gospel in their own district by meetings in the district every other week. They held a meeting for BLYTON and PILHAM men on June 11, with "Dusty" Miller as speaker: twenty-five were present and decided to go ahead. GOOLE had a first visit from their Area Padre (Molyneux) on June 18. They are helping to organise the use of private cars for crippled children's outings, and are going to attempt a Boys' Club next winter. NEWLAND invaded the Tuberculosis Sanatorium at Cottingham, on May 29, for the first time, and now intend to give an entertainment there once a fortnight. They are also inviting disabled or blinded ex-service men to join them at their Guest-nights. LINCOLN, which is pretty busy, has already found inter-group visits productive of much

### Northern Area

Difficulties of Toc H in the mining areas are gradually being overcome. Peter Monie's visit in June led to a useful discussion at Ashington, a large Northumbrian mining town, where Captain Craigs, British Legion president, had called together a private conference to discuss possibilities. At STAN-LEY, in the Durham coalfield, Peter climbed several flights of stairs, and found a room full of enthusiastic pioneers. SOUTH SHIELDS, MORPETH and FELLING were visited by him in turn during the same week. Following this visit, an opportunity for useful Toc H service soon presented itself when Arthur Lodge sent word that Manchester shillings were being collected to send five hundred children from the distressed areas North-Eastern coalfield for week's camp, and some Northern members

will be helping at the Camp before these notes are in print. When Canon Newson leaves NEWCASTLE Cathedral for Cambridge, the Branch will miss him greatly, for he has helped in countless ways during the last few years. It was very fitting that one of his last acts of service here should be the dedication of the Rushlight at the new STEPNEY Group, associated with the Blue House, at Gibson Street.

The Tees-side Conference met in the open air, in a field near Redcar, to discuss plans for the new District Committee. A team of Toc H Padres trounced a team of Toc H laymen at tennis at MARK XVIII. MIDDLESBROUGH offers to act as an information bureau for any home or overseas members attending the Captain Cook Bicentenary celebrations in September.

### Laucashire Area

MANCHESTER has lost Ted Davidson, who came over from Australia in 1926 to exchange places with Pat Leonard, as Area Padre. At a farewell Guest-night, held on July 19, the Branch "whetted its whistle" with a case of Australian oranges, and sang this to the tune of Men of Harlech:—

 Now upon the willows hanging, All our harps both sweet and clanging, Sad we are 'cos Ted is ganging, Ganging home again.

### Chorus :

Must we part asunder?
Must he go "Down under"?
Can't he stay with us alway—
At least until he's grown a bit rotunder?
All Mark Four men show your sorrow,
Ted is here to-day but gone to-morrow,
If you have no "black," just borrow;
Make the loud lament.

2. All the simple yarns he told us,
Some went wide and some clean bowled
us;

All the pups he sometimes sold us, Soon will bark no more.

### Chorus as first :

But we'll make an end of weeping,
 All the best of him we're keeping;
 In our hearts where is no sleeping—
 There he'll find a place.

#### Chorus :

So, though he is going,
Where there is no knowing,
Perhaps the Powers will say one day
Come and see how Toc H (England)'s
going,
Mark Four pray then for that day, when
Let all Padres shout like laymen;
Lift the roof off with your Amen,
Ted, just "Au revoir!"

## South Coast, Wessex and West Country Areas

LEWES is to be congratulated on their typewritten news sheet *The Rag*, No. 2 of which appeared in July; it is full of good reading. The Branch is soon to lose its Free Church Padre, R. Howett, who goes to a great adventure in West Africa for a time. The Lamp was dedicated by the two Padres in St. Anne's Church on July 17; after the Birthday supper Barkis spoke.

The new DOCK HOUSE (Southampton) Group, which came into being on March 22 of this year, has already become firmly established. The meeting-place is the Hostel for Sea-going boys in Orchard Lane, Southampton, and the Group meets every Thursday evening. The main object at present is to interest the sailor-boys and to help to make their time ashore as happy as possible. A week-end camp is being run throughout the Summer at Netley, where Colonel Crichton has very kindly put a field at the disposal of the Group. Various Picture Houses in Southampton have been approached, and have granted permanent passes for the boys for a period, one house having actually given

a permanent pass for six boys for every day in the year. In addition to this, parties have been made up for places of interest. A series of articles is appearing in *The Commodore*, the official publication of the Aquitania Social and Athletic Club. These articles are being read with great interest, and a member of the crew is already a probationer.

BRISTOL Branch attended the opening of the new dock at Avonmouth by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales-at his own request -and were inspected by the Patron. With the help of Bath members, Bristol took about fifty blind ex-service men and their relatives to a tea and sports at Hinton Charterhouse; they also did the job of "general factotum" at the British Legion children's sports; they have helped GLOUCESTER with their egg collection for the hospitals; and did a successful before-breakfast collection in the streets for the J.O.C. Padre "Bill" Maddock (Area Padre) and Jim Burford (local I.C.F. agent) went to South Wales and Monmouthshire on a recent Industrial Christian Fellowship Crusade. Bristol is also visiting emigrants.

### South Wales

The chief event of interest in July was the Garden Party held in glorious weather in the grounds of Llandough Castle, Cowbridge, with Sir Sydney Byass (Chairman of Council) and Lady Byass as the genial hosts. The 300 guests, who included the Bishop of Llandaff and several members of Council, were nearly all members of Toc H and L.W.H., and represented almost every unit in South Wales. Ronnie Grant came from headquarters and

spoke. PORT TALBOT have organised a camp on the end of Kenfig Burrows, to which LLANELLY are sending some of their boys also. NEWPORT, in spite of losing their Secretary, is in fine fettle. The response to the Area's Boot and Shoe Appeal has been very good in parts. Without being invidious, let us say that Toc H in the North and in Devon deserve a special word of praise for their help.

## News from Overseas Branches and Groups CANADA

Padre Gilbert Williams (whose tour in the Middle West was reported in July JOURNAL, p. 293) has sent details to H.Q. of his visit to British Columbia. From PINCHER CREEK, in the Middle West, he took a fourteen hours' journey, partly by boat up Kootenay Lake, to NELSON, B.C., where he spent an evening with seven men who may become the nucleus of a Group. Thence to TRAIL, a city of 4,500 inhabitants, where fourteen men have been meeting for some time; Padre "Bill" initiated six of these and hopes for a good Group. Thence he set out to catch the train at Castlegar by a car which broke down. He was rescued by a honeymoon couple in a "tin Lizzie," which came along just in time! At PENTICTON he found "contacts" but no Group as yet. Thence to KELOWNA, where he met Whitehead, Tubby's churchwarden at the Old House, and some keen men who make a good Group likely. At KAM-LOOPS he found another good crowd and was also taken out to a very fine T.B. Sanatorium, where some of their jobs are done. He then reached VANCOUVER, where he and Mrs. Williams spent five very busy days. "Mark III (c) is a very going concern," he says, "and I found an exceedingly happy family who are working together to make the House the Power station of the movement in Vancouver. The Branch is good, as is also No. 2 GROUP." He spent two nights with NORTH VANCOUVER, where he initiated two members-one of 70, the other of 17! Gilbert had many talks with the Branch and Provincial Executive, besides the meetings; and Mrs. Williams was able to help the very promising L.W.H. Group. After delightful entertainment by VICTORIA members, they moved on to PRINCE RUPERT, where after Gilbert's sermon on the evening of Whit Sunday, eighteen men of the congregation came together and asked to be allowed to "try Toc H out" After a glorious journey along the Fraser River and through the Rockies they found a few keen men at PRINCE GEORGE and gave them help towards forming a Group. Gilbert ends his report: "There is one thing I am very happy about, and that is the type of men who have charge of affairs, and the great keenness they show to build and spread on right lines; they have a great vision. Praise be for it all!" On the other side there is the following letter written to Headquarters on May 31 by the Secretary of Vancouver Group 2: "The General Meeting of this Group last night instructed me to send to Headquarters a note expressing our appreciation for the recent visit of Padre Gilbert Williams. It was an inspirational event to us and we thank you of Headquarters for sending him."

Direct news also reaches the JOURNAL from several sources in British Columbia. VAN-COUVER Group 2 were inspired by Uncl Harry's visit to take up relief work in the poorest part of the town, going out two and two to investigate and making the work their

corporate job—"a corner stone to build on and around." They also had a talk from the Head of the Vancouver Central City Mission, whose work is "Toc H in everything but name," and a great evening with William Heughan, the Scottish singer. VICTORIA has also had some good talks—on the Social Service Association, on "Education" by the

Principal of the High School. Among jobs they have been supplying clothing for seamen and toys for the Scouts' Christmas shop, digging gardens, helping Scout and Guide functions at Government House, etc. KAM-LOOPS has been lent a small house, rent free, as H.Q., and has been busy raising money for a piano for the Provincial Home.

### INDIA

The Lamp for June, recently received, is an excellent number. Besides the second article in a series on how to run a Group in India, and a first instalment of Four Letters about Toc H (published by Birmingham Branch some time ago), there is news of Branches and Groups at greater length than is possible in this JOURNAL. A Calcutta member who has been travelling in Northern India has a very good "chit" to give to the Groups he visited there-not only CAWNPORE and DELHI-SIMLA, but the "Gropes" at AGRA and MUTTRA. BOMBAY Branch meets every Monday and holds a Guest-night once a month. They had the delightful experience at their April Guest-night of a visit from men of H.M.S. Effingham. With permission, they initiated Padre Beardmore, the ship's Chaplain, and two other Navy Stalwarts, and Effingham left Bombay for the Seychelles with a nucleus of Toc H on board, which is now a recognised Group. Jobs continue, and show signs of increasing and becoming permanent. CAWNPORE, with about twenty-five members and a considerable "Outer Guard," has been very successful in "bringing the expert to the Group" on Guest-nights. Among their jobs is a cam-

paign to prevent cruelty to tonga ponies, in which the police have helped them; visiting the Soldiers' Club and taking convalescent soldiers from the hospital for motor rides, etc. The Group is not only "hankering after Branch status but, more than that, the established influence of a House" of its own. "The case seems to turn on the two facts (i) that the possession of a House will give more power to our elbow; (ii) that as yet our elbow does not seem powerful enough to raise the money for a House." NILGIRI, MALABAR and COIMBATORE Group, with its H.Q. at Wellington, 5,700 feet above sea-level, has sixteen full members and a dozen "Outer Guard." Most of these belong to the Lancashire Fusiliers, at present stationed there. The position when a change of regiments takes place would be serious for the Group, which is therefore, now busy recruiting in local colleges and a factory. Most of their jobs at present are naturally in connection with soldiers, and the Group meets in the Y.M.C.A. which is a great soldiers' resort. Padre Crichton, to members' great regret, has recently left the station, but Padre Wheeler, his successor, was initiated at the end of April.

### MALAYA

The Malay Mail of June 14 had a long and interesting leading article on crime in Malaya, working up to the moral that the best prevention is care for homeless youngsters on the lines of the Street Boys' Club which the KUALA LUMPUR Wing of Toc H is now organising. The article twice quotes Alec Paterson's opinion as the authority on this matter, cites the success of the Colombo

Street Boys' Hostel (started by the police, with Toc H members giving a hand), and urges the clubmen of Selangor to contribute generously towards the 2,000 dollars which Toc H requires for its effort. Other news cuttings show that some people are responding well in money and kind. All members will congratulate their F.M.S. brethren on this venture and wish them great success.

The Diamond Fields Advertiser (Kimberley) devoted a great deal of space to Harry and Mrs. Ellison's visit in six successive issues, beginning with a long leading article on June 4. After noting that when Padre Ellison first went to South Africa for Toc H there was one Branch only, when he left there were 35 new Groups, and on his return he found seven Branches and some 60 Groups, it speaks particularly of Toc H progress in Griqualand West. "Perhaps the movements most remarkable achievement has been at BARKLY WEST, where the oldtimers aver that nothing has come to the River Diggings which has succeeded so well in creating a warm friendship through service between English and Dutch." The long report, in a later issue, of the Barkly West meeting (where "Uncle Harry" was affectionately called "Oom Hendrik") the report of his sermon in St. Cyprian's Cathedral at Kimberley, the lighting of the Orange Free State and Griqualand West Lamp at a great service in the Baptist Church, Mrs. Ellison's talk to the Kimberley Girls' High School, and the civic reception given to the two Toc H Pilgrims before they left on June 8 for the Rand, are all most cheering to read in these newspaper columns. The Kimberley Group scribe thus records the visit:—"Uncle Harry and Mrs. Ellison have come and gone from the Diamond Fields, where for a week they put new heart into a blokeage which for nearly two years has been making an uphill but unwearying fight. First the missioners were brought in on Sunday afternoon, June 3, from KOFFIEFONTEIN, where over the week-end, Uncle Harry has added yet another unit to the Toc H family. The same evening he gave an inspiring address in St. Cyprian's Cathedral, and immediately after left for BEACONSFIELD, where the first seeds were sown with determined hope. On the Monday night Uncle Harry had a heart to heart talk with the KIMBERLEY Group and Mrs. Ellison with the Toc Emmas, and early the next morning they left for BARKLY WEST. Here an unforgettable day was spent, in which apparently the entire populace

joined. Certain it is that little work-except for Toc H-was done in Barkly that day. Uncle Harry was deeply touched by the spontaneous warm-hearted welcome of all sections of the community, English and Dutch, expressed to a degree in a remarkable speech by the Mayor, (Councillor G. M. H. Barrell) who said, inter alia: "It is a noble and elevating movement, for if there is one thing that sprang out of the unspeakable horrors and shambles of the great world conflict, it was this great message of peace and brotherhood to man called Toc H. Nothing bad can ever remain, nothing good can ever be lost. The Toc H movement, in its absence of pride and pomp and idle distinctions, and in its evidence of constant sacrifice and service, appeals to the noblest and best in man, and thus carries with it the germ of unquestioned imperishability . . . Something was wanting to sober us down, and to make us pause and think anew. Toc H has made us do so. The man in whose memory it was named was swept away in the surge of war, but the conception remained, the ideal grew apace, and is now a world movement which perhaps more than any other will contribute to the spiritual and moral advancement of the human race. As a member I may be excused saying these things of our own movement, but it is useful to know where we are, whither we are bound, and the probable ultimate destiny of the great cause with which we are, however humbly, associated."

After an inspection of the jobs put through by the Barkly men, followed by lunch, three car loads left for SYDNEY-ON-VAAL, where a meeting was held and some "contacts" made. On the return to Barkly a very wonderful dinner was provided, at which over 60 were present. After dinner this number was augmented by another 40 or 50 and the evening spent there will surely never be forgotten by those who were lucky enough to be present. It was particularly gratifying to the parent Group, Kimberley, to see the deep harmony of Dutch and English at Barkly, and when after a stirring address by Uncle Harry the new Group's first six

members were initiated, the thoughts of the Kimberley blokes and others went back to the night, just over a year previous, on May 27, 1927, when Gilbert Williams first brought the glad tidings to the oldest diamond diggings of South Africa, which led to the ultimate formation last February of a "Grope" there and the winning of the Rushlight carried to them by Uncle Harry. May the same sure progress be with Padre "Bill" in Canada. On the Wednesday evening Uncle Harry conducted a deeply impressive Toc H service at the Baptist Church in Kimberley, when the O.F.S. and the Griqualand West Provincial Lamp, lit by the Patron at Manchester in 1926, was solemnly handed over to that Church for temporary custody. The following evening, Thursday, the Mayor of Kimberley gave a Civic Reception in the City Hall, and though this function was not quite so spontaneous and informal as the Barkly affair, some new friends, it is hoped were won for Toc H. The next morning there was a Communion service for Toc H members and in the afternoon the blokes gave Padre and Mrs. Ellison a rousing sendoff to Johannesburg. Opportunity was also taken of Uncle Harry's visit for him to address the two big schools here (Boys' High School and Christian Brothers' College), and as a result there are good prospects of a Schools' Service Bureau being formed at an early date. Kimberley Group is also corresponding with Beaconsfield Group, England, and with the Toc H African Circle at home."

Uncle Harry himself sends some news cuttings "with regard to a really magnificent Toc H job which LADYSMITH Group have just put through. "It is" he says, "one of the finest corporate jobs I have ever seen done, and worth making a little bit of a song about, I think." The job was the laying out and equipping of a Childrens' Playground for the town. The Group, working in all available spare time, made and fitted up three big swings (15 feet high) three smaller ones, four see-saws, two climbing ropes and rope ladder (15 feet), trapeze and bar, horizontal bars, a sand pit (25 feet by 15 feet),

and six 10-foot seats, and hope later to add a "merry-go-round." etc. They are collecting funds for the upkeep of the ground. Nine hundred children, with their parents. attended the opening on April 14. The Mayor of Ladysmith, in opening the Ground, said "It needs no stretch of the imagination to guage the magnitude of the task which Toc H set themselves. They have loyally stuck to their job, and now have the satisfaction of seeing the completed article, for which they deserve every credit. The workmanship is of a high order, and I have no hesitation in saving that the apparatus will be as safe as a house . . . When the matter of the playground came before the Council some time ago, we unanimously agreed to set aside this spot as a Playground in accordance with the express wish of the Toc H members who interviewed the Council, and I do not think I am giving any secrets away when I say that the one thing which pleased the Council most, was that no funds were asked for with which to carry through the project." IXOPO Group, sponsored by Pietermaritzburg (see two pictures in May JOURNAL) has now been recognised.

The Johmaster of PORT ELIZABETH, writing home on May 30 to his predecessor in office (K. C. Elliott, on leave in England) reports that "things are jogging along quite well." Talks at meetings have veered between "After-care for boys" and "The morality and intelligence of plants." "A very swagger dance" on June 27 was designed to bring help to the Group's Scout troop, the " Joy Fund" (for helping children, etc.) and the L.W.H. The Scouts number 23 and are doing well, while George Muller (late of Mark IV., Manchester) has a "brigade also of South End toughs," over whom he "has wonderful control: he puts them through squad drill and physical jerks, and I was considerably surprised to note how amenable they were to discipline." A visitor at a recent meeting was the skipper of the mine sweeper Sonnenbloem "he was very interested in the Joy Fund and, to show practical sympathy invited us to bring forty kids to his boat one Saturday afternoon."

No news of Tubby's tour is yet to hand, but the provisional programme of his movements is as follows: July 5, Arrive in Buenos Aires; July 6, Council Meeting; July 8, 10.30 a.m., Preach in St. John's Pro-Cathedral, and 7.30 p.m. at Seamen's Mission; July 9, (no fixture); July 10, Lunch with Sir Hilary Leng, evening meeting of Toc H Branch; July 11, 12 noon, Men's Service in St. John's, evening at ex-Service Club; July 12, 10 p.m., to Monte Video; July 13, at Monte Video; July 14, 8 a.m., arrive in Buenos Aires again; July 15, morning sermon in St. Andrew's Scotch Kirk; July 16 (no fixture); July 17, Rover's Night at Toc H; July 18, Men's Service at St. John's; July 19, Round-table Conference; July 20 (no fixture); July 21, 8 a.m., leave for ROSARIO, evening Toc H dinner there; July 22, Morning sermon in English church, mass meeting in evening; July 23, SANTA FE; July 24-26, at Bovril Estate (Santa Elena) if time and boats allow; July 27, leave for Buenos Aires; July 28, 9.30 a.m., arrive Buenos Aires; July 29,

Morning sermon at Belgrano, evening at Sailor's Home; July 30 (no fixture); July 31 Meeting at Hurlingham; August 1, Royal Society of St. George; August 2, Belgrano; August 3—5, at Bahia Blanca; August 6, return Buenos Aires, evening at St. George's College; August 7, lunch of business men at Plaza Hotel; August 8, Farewell meeting in Prince George's Hall; August 9 (no fixture); August 10, leaves for Mendoza; August 11—12, at Mendoza; August 13, arrives, Valparaiso.

W. Lake Lake (Hon. Organising Secretary, South America) wrote to the Editor in June: "We are greatly looking forward to Tubby's visit, and you may rest assured that we shall do our very best to take care of him. We have mapped out a programme, which includes a visit to Valparaiso and also to all Argentine Groups. It covers a period of two months, and allows for a rest of one week at three intervals, totalling three weeks' rest in the two months. We may not be able to keep to this."

### UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The Sign of Toc H for July contains much news of the Branch, Groups and Gropes. WASHINGTON had two fine "farewell" meetings-one irregular, the other regular. The first was held on the platform of Union Station on May 30, to send off Coleman Jennings to the strains of Rogerum; the second, on the evening of the same day, celebrated Sawbones last night before sailing for England. MANHATTAN seems to have gone one better by holding a Group meeting in Sawbone's cabin on board the Cunarder Carinthia before she sailed on June 1: Sawbones spoke, and initiated a member. On June 15 Padre Hillary of Leeds (Eng.), who was visiting New York with the Congregational Pilgrimage taught the Group how to sing Ilkla Moor. The Group is moving its quarters to the Toc H Seafaring Boys' Club (539 West 18th Street), which it wants to help. On June 26 the Manhattan Secretary took the chair at a meeting at NEW UTRECHT in order to start a Grope. BALTIMORE Grope had a fine meeting on June 18, with Monty Callis and some Washington members present. PHILADELPHIA "imploded" in force on Washington on May 26, and went out to Coleman Jennings' tower on the Potomac River, where they had a firelight discussion. On June 9 they did a lot of odd jobs at the Diocesan picnic on the Cathedral Site in Roxborough (e.g., Padre Eastburn tried his hand as a "traffic cop" !) GERMANTOWN, dispensing with a Summer vacation, is 'all out 'for Branch status and a House. NORTH-EAST Group, after its first big Guest-night on June 12, moves for the Summer into country quarters at Bustleton, where Padre Micou is providing a room. CENTER CITY Group find that their "chapel and the simple service always impress the newcomer." BOSTON had a great talk from Mr. Steams, who is teaching astronomy and navigation to Commander Byrd's South Pole expedition.